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1918









# INGDOM OF MIND

A DRAMA BEGINNING IN A LIBRARY

BY

FRANKLIN P. NORTON

Author of Six Dramas of American Romance  
and History

*THE SECRETARY OF STATE*

*FINANCIER OF NEW YORK*

*ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OR THE REBELLION*

*OTOMIS, THE INDIAN OF MEXICO*

*THE THIRD TERM*

*KING OF WALL STREET*

*and of*

*MACHIAVELLI*

*THE LADY OF THE SWAMP*

*WHOSE WIFE?*

*For information regarding these plays, terms, etc., address*

THE SCHULTE PRESS

80-82 Fourth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

PS 2267  
C645 F5  
1918

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C 22 5940-3

SEP 10 1918

# KINGDOM OF MIND

## A DRAMA BEGINNING IN A LIBRARY

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

WILLIAM MARLOWE, a Playwright.

CHESTER TAFT, a Librarian.

DAVID BONIFACE, a Theatre Owner.

JAMES WALLACE, { *Lovers who are*  
LUCY MORTON, { *too intellectual.*

ROGER SHERMAN, { *Lovers who are*  
CLARA BONIFACE, { *too heart-y.*

EDWARD CLYDE, { *Lovers and friends*  
ADA BARTON, { *of the others.*

EDNA and JOSEPHINE CUMMINS, young Grand-nieces to Marlowe, and heiresses of his posthumous fortune.

MRS. MORTON, a Widow, (Keeper of a Rooming House).

JOSIAH HARDART, Uncle and Guardian to the Heiresses.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

A DOCTOR.

The Characters in the Miniature-theatre scene, as follows: Those who "try-out" for places in the stock or road companies, consisting of, Leading Lady, 2 Song and Dance Comedians, Prima-

donna, Star, and Soloist and Chorus; Members of the stock-company who sit as critical Spectators of the try-outs, also a "Goody-goody" among them; Right-hand man; and Stage-manager.

The Characters (historically renowned), appearing in the "Pinnacle of Fame" scene. History records them as having mounted to the very pinnacle of fame: into niches to be held forever. Also the Spectators who view the pinnacle; symbolizing the multitude of enthusiastic admirers, and devoted followers, of these famous men.

The Characters (photographic), in the "Dream scene" shown by moving-pictures: these are King Thought; 19 male and female Spirits (good); 19 male and female Spirits (evil); Echoes of thought (good), Echoes of thought (evil), both represented by boys and girls; A Community (good), A Community (evil); Angels; Travellers; Bugler; Guards; Bolshevik mob; Sexton and Visitors in graveyard; and Attendants.

The Persons of both sexes and various ages present in the Library scene.

SCENE—*New York City, N. Y.*

### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*The Front of a Public Library in the City of New York. Merely a curtain representation, with an opening in the center for an entrance. Some persons go in and some come out, either with or without books.*

*Enter JAMES and ROGER, right.*

ROGER.

What can one do to spend his idle time, James?

JAMES.

Why Roger, do as many of us youths have done; Become a habitue of the Public Library here! Come, join me: I am going in now.

ROGER.

What,—

And soon relapse into a bookworm! One of Those lazy fellows, who sit daily for hours Poring their eyes out over books: and all For nothing.

JAMES.

Readers, need not strain eyes,  
Nor overtax brains, necessarily a bit more  
Than people in other avocations would abuse  
Their faculties: and it is never labor lost;  
For patient, persistent and tireless toil,  
In this and other fields of human endeavor,  
Is sure to bring rich rewards.

ROGER.

What rewards,  
Ever come to bookworms?

JAMES.

They are initiated,  
Into the Kingdom of Mind!

ROGER.

Pshaw, who ever  
Saw such a kingdom!

JAMES.

True, it is invisible.  
It is not at all like a Princely kingdom;  
Stretching its imperial glories out before  
The observer's eyes: Each subject has it  
In his mind's eye; and can give expression  
To its vastness, its unsearchable riches,  
Only by rapturous looks, instructive speech,  
And skillfully constructive action!

ROGER.

Pooh,  
Action indeed! I have seen the poet's eye,  
In a fine frenzy rolling: That's rapture.  
I have heard lots of pedants, discourse  
Upon theories: That's instructive speech.  
But as to skillfully constructive action:  
Not one of the lazy brood that ponder  
Over musty volumes, has done any work  
Worthy of such an appellation.

JAMES.

Why Roger,  
The great books that compose our libraries,  
Were mostly written by bookworms.

ROGER.

Bosh, books!  
Excepting those we have to learn in school,  
What good are they?

JAMES.

They are the chief way,  
In which to cultivate the mind.

ROGER.

And what then?

JAMES.

Cultivated minds grow harvests of thought;  
Just the same as cultivated fields grow  
Harvests of wheat. The visionary thinkers,  
Foresee what things may and ought be done;  
And the practical thinkers, find out ways  
To do them. And the visions of to-day,  
Become the common practices of to-morrow.  
Oh, we owe much to these Kings of Thought:  
Who got their thrones by the aid of books!

ROGER.

Bookworms are Livingstones and Stanleys, then?  
They explore the kingdom; write it in books;  
And those that read them become its settlers?

JAMES.

Yes:—and to these settlers in mind's kingdom,  
Are we chiefly indebted for the good things  
In the kingdom of matter; the visible world.

ROGER.

Well you can take the books: but as for me,  
I will take the sports, every time.

JAMES.

Bad choice!

Come, go in and look the library over,  
While I am changing my book for another;  
Then we will leave.

ROGER.

To please you I'll do so.  
(*Exeunt into library*)  
*Enter LUCY and CLARA, meeting.*

CLARA.

Ah, the Public Library is open yet.

LUCY.

It lacks

Ten minutes of the closing.

CLARA.

Let's be friends!  
Don't hurry inside where we can't converse.

LUCY.

My name is Lucy Morton: my widow mother  
Keeps a furnished room house.

CLARA.

And my name  
Is Clara Boniface: I am the sole child  
Of David Boniface; owner and manager  
Of the theatre that bears his own name.

LUCY.

Ah, Boniface's Theatre!

CLARA.

Pray tell me Lucy,  
Have you got a beau?

LUCY.

Well, I fondly hope so!

CLARA.

Tell me of him.

LUCY.

One James Wallace, a clerk.  
He aspires to be something; and by the aid  
Of the many choice books in this library,  
Has highly cultivated his mind.

CLARA.

Smart eh?  
Well, my beau, Roger Sherman, also a clerk,  
Would not bother his fair head over books:  
He loves to dress natty, and is very fond  
Of all kinds of sport.

LUCY.

Such things are apt  
To lead to nothing: not so with books.

CLARA.

True.  
Why, were Roger qualified, he could hold  
A fine place in the theatre, as assistant  
To the reader, who reads all the new plays  
Offered by the playwrights.

LUCY.

You don't say so.

CLARA.

Ah, I have it! just the place for your beau.  
Do you think he would like it?



LUCY.  
Yes, indeed!

CLARA.  
Well I will speak to father.

LUCY.  
Many thanks!

CLARA.  
And call, Lucy, and let you know the result.

LUCY.  
Here is my card, Clara.

CLARA.  
And here is mine.

LUCY.  
What book have you got?

CLARA.  
The latest love-story.

LUCY.  
Was it very interesting?

CLARA.  
Perfectly entrancing!

LUCY.  
What will you get next?

CLARA.  
Another love-story.

LUCY.  
You must read the better class of books too:  
They enrich the mind, while the trashy ones  
Only spoil it.

CLARA.  
I could never get interested,  
In any other reading.

LUCY.  
But you cannot tell,  
You might by trying.

CLARA.  
Suppose we go in now?

LUCY.  
Very well. *(Excunt into library)*

SCENE II.—*The Interior of Public Library. An arched entrance at rear: a counter runs along right wall at front, behind which are an aged male Librarian and a young female Assistant; elsewhere the walls half way up are covered with book-filled shelves; and above the shelves are busts of the preeminent Thinkers, in all the lines of Thought. There are numerous tables scattered around.*

*Some newcomers occasionally enter, and there are numerous Persons present of both sexes and various years from youth to age, some of whom are sitting at the tables reading, and others are*

*selecting books from the shelves and one by one are going to the counter to have them recorded, after which they excunt. Shortly after scene begins Assistant librarian goes to two sitters at a table who are talking audibly and says, "No talking please, it interferes with other readers." The scene having continued a few minutes longer, the Librarian rings a bell, and says: "It is now the time for closing." Excunt all persons, except JAMES, ROGER and MARLOWE—and LUCY and CLARA: the three former rise from a table and meet at centre the two latter just returning from having books recorded at counter.*

CLARA.  
What, Roger!—How came you to visit the library?

ROGER.  
I just picked acquaintance with this young man;  
And walked with him here, when he coaxed me in.

CLARA.  
And Lucy here and I just met on the way in;  
And have formed I hope a lasting friendship!  
Miss Lucy Morton, this is Mr. Roger Sherman:  
Of whom I spoke outside. *(They bow)*

LUCY.  
Miss Clara Boniface, this is Mr. James Wallace:  
Of whom I spoke outside. *(They bow)*

CLARA.  
You don't say so!  
Why it seems just like fate, that you and I  
Should meet, and our friends should meet,  
And thus bring all of us together here.

MARLOWE. *(advancing)*  
Be that guess right, your future intercourse  
May prove interesting; for most marvelously  
Doth fate unravel its designs.

JAMES.  
Yes indeed!—  
Miss Boniface, this is Mr. William Marlowe:  
Lucy's friend and mine; and for a year past  
A roomer at her mother's house. *(They bow)*

LIBRARIAN. *(approaching)*  
How are you Miss Lucy--and James--and Marlowe!  
*(LUCY, JAMES and MARLOWE return greeting)*

JAMES.  
Mr. librarian Taft, this is Mr. Roger Sherman—  
And this, Miss Clara Boniface. *(They bow)*

LUCY.  
By the way, Miss Boniface is the daughter of  
The owner of Boniface's Theatre.

EVERYBODY *(but ROGER)*.  
Ah, is she!

LIBRARIAN. *(to CLARA)*  
I knew you, as being a member of the library  
For some months.

CLARA.

Only by sight—I understand.

LIBRARIAN.

I say Marlowe, how about your latest play?

MARLOWE.

I have just sent it to Boniface's theatre.

LIBRARIAN.

But they accepted none of your other plays  
That you sent them from time to time.

MARLOWE.

Not one.

But I am not discouraged: the old adage says,  
"If at first you don't succeed, try try again."

LIBRARIAN.

I am deeply interested in your success.  
Because you have long been a habitue here.

MARLOWE.

Ah, I owe all to this library! Ten years ago,  
With a limited education, but considerable  
Experience of life, I began reading here.  
After a few days I chanced upon a classic,  
And became so enthused over it, that I  
Eagerly devoured piecemeal all the best  
Of your literature. After a year or two,  
My mind got so full of the sublime things,  
I had read, that it fairly bubbled over  
Like a swollen brook!

LIBRARIAN.

Then you wrote a play.

MARLOWE.

Yes,—if it deserves that name: for being  
My first attempt, it was of course rotten.  
But I flatter myself that, my next effort  
Shows marked improvement, and my last ones  
Are almost masterpieces of dramatic art.

LIBRARIAN.

They certainly are!

LUCY.

Oh they are beautiful!

JAMES.

I too am vastly indebted to this library.  
It was here a year ago that I first met Lucy!  
It was here two years ago I met Marlowe:  
He persuaded me to read the masters; and  
That reading gave a new meaning to life!

LUCY.

Dear, dear old library, how I do love it!  
The perusal of its choicer volumes, gives me  
An almost perfect joy. Besides, as James said,  
Within these walls he and I became acquainted.

ROGER.

Clara, what can you and I say for library.  
Well, that we have met, and exchanged words,  
With these very agreeable persons!

CLARA.

That covers

The case, regarding Mr. Marlowe and Librarian:  
But I have a presentiment, that fate brought  
Miss Lucy, Mr. James, you and I together here,  
For some important purpose.

MARLOWE.

Time will tell.

CLARA.

We had best be going now; we are keeping  
Mr. Librarian Taft.

LIBRARIAN.

Not at all I assure you!

I generally stay awhile after the closing:  
Sometimes reading.

EVERYBODY.

Good-night!

LIBRARIAN.

Good-night to you all!

(*Exeunt*)

ASSISTANT. (*approaching*)

Mr. Taft I am all thru with my work already.

LIBRARIAN.

Not that only, but you've successfully done,  
Miss Barton, a woman's most difficult feat—  
Putting her hat on properly,—and are ready  
For street.

ASSISTANT.

Edward is to meet me outside

In about five minutes.

LIBRARIAN.

Aha, Edward again!

You are deep in the delights of love's dream.

ASSISTANT.

I blushing admit it.

LIBRARIAN.

I was in love too.

In my youth. Though I am an old man now,  
I can never recall those halcyon days,  
Without a feeling of sadness.

ASSISTANT.

*Sadness!*

Then, as you never got married, it may be  
That the affair had a sorrowful ending.

LIBRARIAN.

You did not put that as a question; but  
I will tell the story, and you can judge  
For yourself. You know I have served here  
Since my youth. At first, like youngsters,  
I was happy and unhappy: I liked the work,  
But was discontented in that I had always,  
Youth's craving to be loved. My longings,  
After weary waiting, were fully realized:  
I was presented here one day to a girl;  
And fell head over heels in love with her.

She used often to come to the counter there,  
And we would babble long over airy trifles,  
Just to be together: sometimes she waited  
Until the close, and I walked home with her.  
Ah, I felt sure that she loved me in return!  
One day she said, her father being obdurate,  
She had to wed the man of his choice:—and  
We parted never to meet again. It seemed  
That fate had eradicated my love-distemper,  
In order that I might pursue whole-heartedly,  
The life-work it had allotted me.

ASSISTANT.

You mean,  
The writing of your celebrated book?

LIBRARIAN.

Yes.

ASSISTANT.

Oh tell me all about that!

LIBRARIAN.

But your Edward,  
May be waiting.

ASSISTANT.

Well let him wait this once.

LIBRARIAN.

You know how it is with us library workers,—  
We soon have to become veritable encyclopedias  
Of information concerning books in general,  
Their authors and contents.

ASSISTANT.

Yes indeed we do.

LIBRARIAN.

Well, the possession of this mental catalogue,  
Soon led me to contemplate a careful reading  
Of the books themselves, in order to ascertain  
The relative merits, of the various branches,  
Of the "Tree of Knowledge."

ASSISTANT.

By various branches,  
You mean the different sections into which  
Our shelves are divided off?

LIBRARIAN.

Exactly so.

As a solace for sorrow, I now plunged deeply  
Into this work. First, I read all the books  
In the section devoted to Bible and Religion:  
Then, I read section devoted to Astronomy:  
Then, Philosophy: History: Literature: Poetry:  
Fiction: Biography: Oratory: Rhetoric: Music:  
Fine Arts: Architecture: Science: Useful Arts:  
Commerce: Sociology: and Travel. As I went on  
With my laborious task, its unfolding beauties  
Engulfed my sadness, and I felt a greater joy  
Than I had ever known. At last the manuscript,  
Embodying the written result of my researches,  
Was done, and I then concluded to publish it,  
Under title of "Relative Beneficial Merits

Of the Various Branches of Tree of Knowledge."  
The book's conclusions, were not mine alone:  
For I had read all authorities on the subject,  
And had fully incorporated, (with references)  
Their wisdom into the text.

ASSISTANT.

Everybody says,  
That your book has made quite plain, a problem  
That was before very perplexing: That of the  
Ratio of value, each to the others, of these  
Various branches of knowledge, and what each  
Has done and can do for humanity.

LIBRARIAN.

That's right.—  
Please go now; I would not detain you longer:  
Good-night to you!

ASSISTANT.

Good-night Mr. Taft! (*Exit*)

LIBRARIAN.

Now I will do a bit of reading; and then  
Walk leisurely home. What shall I read from?  
(*Picks up book from table*) "Gems of Poetry:"  
This will answer. (*Sits at student table near left  
wall and farther front than others*)  
I owe much to this lamp: the ceiling lights  
Being too high for reading with failing sight.  
(*Turns pages of the book*) Ah, here is a piece  
That ought interest me: I will read it aloud.

#### THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

Speak low! tread softly through these halls;  
Here Genius lives enshrined;  
Here reign, in silent majesty,  
The monarchs of the mind.  
A mighty spirit-host they come  
From every age and clime;  
Above the buried wrecks of years  
They breast the tide of Time.  
And in their presence-chamber here  
They hold their regal state,  
And round them throng a noble train,  
The gifted and the great.  
O child of Earth! when round thy path  
The storms of life arise,  
And when thy brothers pass thee by  
With stern, unloving eyes,  
Here shall the poets chant for thee  
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,  
And prophets wait to guide thy steps  
In wisdom's pleasant ways.  
Come, with these God-anointed kings  
Be thou companion here;  
And in the mighty realm of mind  
Thou shalt go forth a peer!

That is a very fine poem! Now for another.

(*Turns the pages*) Ha, "The Haunted Palace!"  
By that king of all mystics, Edgar Allan Poe.  
Where, in but a few wondrously beautiful lines,  
He gives a completely comprehensive allegory,  
Of the rise and of the decline of literature.

Though the scene of the poem is in the long ago;  
 It seems certain that the inferior literature  
 Of to-day, is what inspired the poet's lament.  
 I always loved the piece and know it by heart!  
 The only hope that we have at present is  
 The fact that decline is followed by rise;  
 For the dreary dark ages, at last gave way  
 To a new birth in literature: which spread  
 Over all Europe; known as the Renaissance.  
 Great good, soon followed; for fine literature  
 Always blazons the way for all-around progress.  
 That rise was long ago: now it is declining:--  
 For the last decade, I have noted with pain,  
 The gradual decline in the literary tastes  
 Of the general reading public. The persons that  
 Take books out, and those that read them here,  
 Have long been and are now picking the trivial,  
 And ignoring the substantial: until to-day  
 Our best class of books lie in their shelves  
 Almost uninterruptedly, whereas the huge output  
 Of trashy stuff fairly revels in a flood-tide  
 Of popular favor. —I will silently review  
 The lovely poem again, and muse upon the  
 Marvelous picture it brings to the imagination.

*(He pores over book, until it drops from his  
 hand, as he falls into a sleep: now a curtain  
 containing a "movie screen" drops down, shut-  
 ting off all but sleeper at table.)*

TO READERS, of the play. If the reading of  
 the moving-picture "dream scene" (that now fol-  
 lows) prove tiresome, then merely glance over it  
 or skip it altogether: don't allow it to interfere  
 with your enjoyment of the reading of the rest  
 of the play. That which is designed to be played  
 on the "screen" is none too interesting as read-  
 ing matter; but it will be fascinating on the  
 "screen" all right, after our geniuses in the  
 "Movie" art, have boiled it down, simplified, and  
 perfected it: as only they can do.

Explanatory text is thrown on screen thus:  
 "He dreams a visionary reproduction of the al-  
 legory verbally pictured in the 6 verse poem he has  
 been pondering over, entitled

#### THE HAUNTED PALACE

by Edgar Allan Poe.

Everything that follows on screen, consisting of  
 Poetry, Pictures, and also Text (reading matter),  
 must be deemed by a stretch of the imagination,  
 to be a perfect reflection of the dream, which is  
 passing through the sleeper's mind."

Text on screen fades: new text appears thus:

#### HIS DREAM—VERSE I.

"In the greenest of our valleys,  
 By good angels tenanted,  
 Once a fair and stately palace  
 (Radiant palace) rear'd its head.  
 In the monarch Thought's dominion  
 It stood there!  
 Never seraph spread a pinion  
 Over fabric half so fair."

The text fades: and the scene pictured by it ap-  
 pears—A radiant Palace, with a large sign over  
 entrance, saying—

#### PALACE OF KING THOUGHT

in

#### KINGDOM OF MIND.

Palace stands amidst a green valley, which is ten-  
 anted by occasionally appearing Angels.

Scene on screen fades: new text appears thus:

#### VERSE II.

"Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,  
 On its roof did float and flow,  
 (This, all this, was in the olden  
 Time, long ago);  
 And every gentle air that dallied  
 In that sweet day,  
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
 A winged odor went away."

The text fades: and the scene pictured by it ap-  
 pears—The palace again, but now a breeze is  
 stirring the banners on roof: and a vapor issuing  
 from the front and side windows sails over the  
 circular rampart (a low wall around palace some  
 feet away), disappearing in the distance. From  
 amidst this vapor a luminous explanatory text is  
 flashed, saying—

"These vapors are exhalations (or winged odors)  
 arising from the carnival of "elevated thought"  
 now being held in palace: a favoring breeze wafts  
 them over the rampart and away to perfume other  
 climes."

Scene on screen fades: new text appears thus:

#### VERSE III.

"Wanderers in that happy valley  
 Through two luminous windows saw  
 Spirits moving musically  
 To a lute's well-tuned law;  
 Round about a throne, where, sitting  
 (Porphrogene!)  
 In state his glory well befitting,  
 The ruler of the realm was seen."

The text fades: and the scene pictured by it ap-  
 pears—A band of passing travellers, seeing the  
 two luminous large-windows in front at left, en-  
 ter gate of rampart walk up the hill to palace,  
 peer thru window-glass and see something which  
 stirs them into action of delight.

Scene on screen fades: new text appears thus:

#### INSIDE THE PALACE.

#### THE CARNIVAL OF THOUGHT.

The text fades: and the scene pictured by it ap-  
 pears—The splendid Throne room, with an open  
 archway at rear, and a door at left: 19 male and  
 female Spirits, are gracefully moving to the mu-  
 sic of a lute round and round a golden throne  
 in centre, on which sits a majestic figure, in gor-  
 geous attire, a crown on head, and on breast



in bold type "King Thought." Each one of the 19 Spirits has a book large enough to cover breast but quite thin hanging by a chain around neck; On each book in bold type is one of these various titles: The Holy Bible, Religion, Philosophy, History, Astronomy, Literature, Poetry, Fiction, Biography, Oratory, Rhetoric, Music, Fine Arts, Architecture, Science, Useful Arts, Commerce, Sociology, Travel. Each spirit personifies in a striking manner that branch of literature which its book bears the title of. These titles must be seen by the audience, and can be, when each spirit, in circling round, passes near the front.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "One age's Thought succeeds another age's, therefore the present King Thought sits "porphyro-gene;" that is, ascent by merit; not ascent by blood.

The spirits, (so called by the Poet because all fine thought is presumed to be inspired), who move round and round his throne, are his satellites (or subjects): each of whom aptly personifies the universal state, at that era, of the branch of literature, which its book (worn on breast) bears the title of."

Text on screen fades; new text appears thus: "Some additions are being made to literature: (Giving a hint of how books have been made). King Thought, arises and discourses most eloquently unto his satellites: giving them many new thoughts appertaining to their various branches of knowledge. Inspired by his words, each one writes a few new pages into its book; for the benefit of posterity."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—Attendants are bringing in thru door high tiny-desks, which they place in two lines, one on either side of throne, and then retire; each of the 19 spirits places its book on one, and opens it; the king rises, and talks to them awhile, during which each one writes in its own book with a pen.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

THE CARNIVAL IS ENDED.

THE PARTICIPANTS LEAVE THRONE ROOM.

BOOKS ARE REMOVED TO ROYAL LIBRARY.

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—King ends his discourse, and sits down; soon afterwards the 19 spirits finish their writing, and close the books: King rises, and descending throne exits thru archway, followed by the 19 spirits: Attendants enter thru door, gather books from desks and take them out thru archway.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

THE ROYAL LIBRARY.

THE BOOKS ARE RETURNED TO THEIR BOOKCASE.

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—An elegantly cosy Library, with a curtained archway at left-front, and a door at right; a rare bookcase stands at rear, and a long narrow table runs from right to left, with chairs along rear side. The attendants bring in through door the books, and place them in their bookcase, then retire through door.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "In the acquirement of knowledge originally, "thought" is a necessity: and all primary knowledge, (except that which is kept to themselves by its thinkers) is communicated to others, either by writing or by speaking. Readers and hearers, who get it second-hand, oftentimes think new things onto it; and more books and speeches result."

Text on screen fades; new text appears thus:

THOUGHT'S "ECHOES."

Lovely girls and boys aptly personify these "The diffusion, of any book's knowledge, to parts of, or to the whole world, and the infinite process by which it is done, are vividly denoted by the term "its echoes:" for "echo" means "repeat." The new pages have no sooner been added, than their echoes arise; (as by enchantment;) for all "good thoughts" generally are echoed everywhere: and "bad ones" too, unfortunately. They get the books, and read the "new pages" rapidly; and then, joyously singing the while, pass out of Palace."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—Echoes (who are girls and boys in dresses that sparkle), mysteriously arise, get out the books, place them on table, sit down open and read them, and then, singing, pass out thru archway. When some rise from books, others take their places, and afterwards follow: so the stream is continuous.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

VERSE IV.

"And all with pearl and ruby glowing

Was the fair palace-door,

Through which came flowing, flowing,

And sparkling evermore,

A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty

Was but to sing,

In voices of surpassing beauty,

The wit and wisdom of their king."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—The outside of palace again: The echoes, still singing, come streaming continuously out of front door, at right, and trip away in every direction.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

"Streaming joyously out of pearl and ruby palace-door, the sparkling Echoes go "singing" through

the Kingdom of Mind; soon making the "new thoughts" known there; and eventually everywhere."

Text on screen fades; new text appears thus:

#### CLASSIC LITERATURE

"The lofty quality, of the King's literature, may be well illustrated, by enumerating the "general conditions" prevailing with people of most all countries, as a result of the perfume (air-borne) from the many carnivals, and the entire knowledge (echo-borne) from the various books.

These general conditions were:

Love of God.

Love of good. Love of country. Brotherly love.

Love of the beautiful. Love of the true.

Purity. Chastity. Temperance.

Simplicity. Humility. Integrity.

Patience. Courage. Forbearance.

Usefulness. Benevolence. Unselfishness.

Intelligence. Refinement. Education.

Industry. Prosperity. Happiness.

Fidelity in marriage. Obedience in children.

Justice—dispensed with Mercy.

Internal Peace. National Amity."

The text fades; and a scene appears that gives an object lesson of a Community, with such "general conditions" prevailing.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

#### A DECADE LATER.

#### THE DECLINE OF LITERATURE.

#### VERSE V.

"But evil things, in robes of sorrow.

Assail'd the monarch's high estate

(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow

Shall dawn upon him, desolate);

And round about his home the glory

That blush'd and bloom'd

Is but a dim-remember'd story

Of the old time entomb'd."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—The Throne room again; the King enters thru archway and ascends throne; the 19 Spirits each with its book on breast, then follow, make obsequence, gather round throne and converse with him: a Bugler appears in archway, sounds bugle and retires; at motion from king the 19 Spirits form in double line at right: then enter thru archway 19 male and female evil Spirits, also wearing a book on breast, each of whom personifies in a striking manner that branch of pseudo-literature, which its book bears the title of. They make obsequence to the king.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

"The Kingdom of Mind, like other kingdoms, has—The Bad, who seek to supplant, The Good.

Evil Spirits, who are the leaders of The Bad, just entered in robes of sorrow (which means that they

think thoughts which bring troubles). Each of them aptly personifies the universal state, at that era, of the branch of pseudo-literature, which its book (worn on breast) bears the title of. They boisterously petition the king to allow them, instead of the good Spirits, to move as satellites around his throne."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—The king asks the evil Spirits, their pleasure, and in reply they present their petition, all discordantly speaking at once, and pointing derisively at the good Spirits (sought to be supplanted), and admiringly at themselves.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "King Thought never took to them kindly; but he is too high-minded to treat them with discourtesy. After sternly rebuking their unseemly manner, to get order out of chaos, he commands them to pair off with good Spirits, in accordance with their petition: in other words, each evil Spirit, to go stand by the side of the good Spirit, whom it seeks to supplant."

The text fades and the scene pictured by it appears—The king illy conceals his dislike for them. He rising, rebukes their lack of decorum: then under his speech and motion order, the evil Spirits, go and pair off with good Spirits, and form a semicircle at rear, which takes in part of both sides also; one deep, and facing throne, but each pair two feet apart. The king, from throne, scrutinizes each pair carefully, beginning at one end of semicircle and ending at the other.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "The king's careful scrutiny of the names (titles on books) of each two Spirits, composing the pairs, showed him that:

Greek Mythology, desires to supplant, the Bible.

Skepticism, desires to supplant, Religion.

Sophistry, desires to supplant, Philosophy.

The Present (Not the Past), desires to supplant, History.

Ptolemaic Astronomy, desires to supplant, Copernican Astronomy.

Newspaper, desires to supplant, Literature.

Doggerel, desires to supplant, Poetry.

Trashy Novel, desires to supplant, Fiction.

Lives of Prizefighters, desires to supplant, Biography.

Bombast, desires to supplant, Oratory.

Hyperbole, desires to supplant, Rhetoric.

Ragtime, desires to supplant, Music.

Caricature, desires to supplant, Fine Arts.

Skyscraper, desires to supplant, Architecture.

Pedantry, desires to supplant, Science.

Useless Arts, desires to supplant, Useful Arts.

Monopoly, desires to supplant, Commerce.

Socialism, desires to supplant, Sociology.

Bohemianism, desires to supplant, Travel."

Text on screen fades; new text appears thus:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF EACH PAIR.

"The good Spirit stands at right, and the opposing evil Spirit, at left."

The text fades; and "close up" photos of the pair of opposing spirits named in first line of former text appears, standing side by side; the title on book identifies each one; then the pairs in the other lines of text, in regular order, one pair at a time.

Last of photos fades; new text appears thus: "The King orders the Spirits to move round his throne, in pairs as they now are, that he may judge of the relative merits of the good Spirit and the bad Spirit that make up each pair."

The text fades and the scene pictured by it appears—The king gives speech and motion order, by which the pairs fall in behind each other in one continuous column, and march round and round the throne: king views them intently. The book titles can be plainly seen, when in marching round, each pair passes by the front.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "The King having made up his mind, stops the review, and announces his decision: saying, to the evil Spirits, that—The spectacle (wherein their hollow pretensions have been contrasted with his own Spirits' glories) confirms his previous belief that they're naught else but "wicked insidious things veiled in disingenuous benevolence." The evil Spirits, maddened by his refusal, and its scathing language, angrily reply, that, they are a power in Mind's Kingdom: have many stanch partisans (ever increasing) and that their writings are rapidly growing in "popular favor." They then defiantly take their leave.—The good Spirits, then renew their allegiance to the king."

The text fades and the scene pictured by it appears—The king gives signal and the parade stops, each pair of spirits pivots, and stand facing throne, each pair two feet apart; king surveys the circle, then orders them to separate; evil Spirits group at left, good Spirits group at right; king gives decision by speech and motion; evil Spirits angrily reply by same method, and moving to archway defiantly exeunt. The good Spirits manifest their joy exuberantly by voice and motion, and then kneel in a group to king, who motions them to rise; then they fall in behind each other, in one continuous column which soon encircles the throne, around which they trip as in the first scene.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "Always from earliest times, "wheat-thoughts" and "weed-thoughts" have grown up together: and oftentimes, the former has been either grievously stunted, or entirely ruined, by the latter.

The evil Spirits, incensed by the failure of their ambitious schemes, redouble their energy, and weed-thoughts soon spread like wildfire through the kingdom: finally crystallizing in a party known as the Bolsheviks: who, now march to the palace, overpower the guards, and entering Court demand of the King that in recognition of their numbers and power, he must now make the evil Spirits (their leaders), the sole Satellites of his Throne."

The text fades and the scene pictured by it appears—Outside the palace again; There comes in to view a motley assemblage, of good, bad, and indifferent, in whose midst the evil Spirits are borne aloft in triumph: they move towards palace shouting, jeering, singing inharmoniously, waving arms, and banners; but are met by the just gathered palace Guard, who fire in the air, and then offer bodily resistance, but are forced back and aside, and the throng enters palace. Scene shifts to Throne room; the throng, ineffectually impeded by the Guard, enters thru archway; the King enters thru door, and ascends throne, followed by the good Spirits, who group at left; the throng groups at front and right; king haughtily demands their excuse for the outrage; cowed but sullen, they reply with a speech and motion demand that the evil Spirits who represent their great party, be the satellites around his throne: that they are fit, and the good Spirits are not.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "The King indignantly refuses to take the evil Spirits for sole satellites of his throne, as they demanded. They try to sway his mind with threats and imprecations: but he remains obdurate. Now, the Bolsheviks resort to native cunning: They meekly ask for the place of "secondary" instead of "sole." Expecting later to attain their ends by artifice; yea even soon to be rid of the king himself.

The king hates discord; and from the party's number and attitude, he foresees it coming. After a painful pause, he is constrained to give a reluctant consent. By his order, all these Spirit Stars of Thought, move (to the huzzas of the admiring multitude) in conjunction around his throne."

The text fades and the scene pictured by it appears—King waves hand, and tumult subsides; then he indignantly denies their demand; the throng with speech and motion threats and anathemas try to change him, but he folds hands, and looks at them sternly; then they change tactics, and with cajoling speech and motion ask for "secondary to" instead of "supplanting" the others; King estimates their number, and his face changes to sadness and care, he then reluctantly gives consent; the throng responds with



shout and handclap; king then with speech and motion order, has the good Spirits encircle throne (as before), and has the bad Spirits encircle just outside of them, each circle facing in opposite direction; king signals and the circles move in opposite directions round and round the throne: (facing one another's back, but turning to look at king): as throng indulges in sinister triumph.

Scene on screen fades: new text appears thus: "Spirits of evil are always inimical to "good" and are never improved by contact with it: But Spirits of good can easily be contaminated, by contact with evil.

The good Spirits, being the daily hearers, of the low thoughts, and debased conceptions of the evil Spirits, soon become contaminated, and write mediocre and soulless matter in their books. Eventually they write but little; and are little read. Forced to the background, they are finally ignored completely; and only appear at Court now and then as visitors.

The King himself, the very fountain head of inspiration, at last becomes nothing but an utter wreck of his former self.

The evil Spirits, seize the inside, when circling round the throne. In discoursing, the king directs most attention to them. Their writings expand in volume; and soon displace the others, in the royal library. Their "echoes" formerly so circumscribed, now have been borne throughout the world: impairing and destroying the lofty things, which before prevailed.

All of this took some years: and at its end, a glimpse is got of the King, in a sad mood of retrospect; as he sits on throne, desolate; comparing past glories, with present shames. The evil Spirits, have cast off dissimulation, and show forth themselves—ugly and horrid. They leer and mock, at the King's misery."

The text fades and the scene pictured by it appears—The Throne room again; the king sits on throne; he has grown haggard and gloomy. His debased soul has a lucid interval, and he is comparing past glories, noble associates, and services to humanity, with, present shames, horrid associates, and injuries to humanity: his painful reflections are accompanied by motion, and facial expression. The evil Spirits looking more evil than ever, and grown huge in size, stand in a group at left-front, and manifest by motion, and facial expression, their intense satisfaction at his misery.

Scene on screen fades: new text appears thus:

THE OLD TIME ENTOMBED.

THE GRAVE WHERE KING THOUGHT'S  
FORMER GLORIES LIE BURIED.

Epitaph on tombstone, reads:

Sacred to the memory of Classic Literature.

"The grave was put in the small Churchyard, by

one who had been close to King Thought, in the palmy days.

Some newcomers into the kingdom, visit the churchyard, and seeing the grave, ask the sexton, the meaning of it. He tells them the little that is known of King Thought's (who lives in the state-ly palace nearby) former glories. The story of the past was almost forgotten, because, then, as now, people delighted in seeing, and hearing about things that were actually going on around them, and cared not for hearing nor reading of things, which having occurred in the past, could have no direct connection with the present."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—A country Church, with churchyard; some graves in background, and in foreground one, whose tombstone is carved "Sacred to the memory of Classic Literature." Some men and women, passing by and noticing the epitaph, enquire of the up-coming sexton, the meaning of it; he tells a short story; and they without being interested thank him; all by speech and motion. Then they pass along.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

VERSE VI.

"And travellers now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And snarl—but sing no more."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—Outside the palace again; a band of passing travellers, seeing the two large-windows in front at left, lit with red now, not lit as before, enter gate of rampart, walk up hill to palace, peer thru window-glass, and see something that stirs them into actions of terror.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

INSIDE THE PALACE.

THE DEBAUCH OF THOUGHT.

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—The Throne room again; the king sits on throne, looking a wreck, and the evil Spirits, each with its book on breast, are grotesquely moving to discordant music, round and round him; they covertly mock rather than honor him.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "Some additions are being made to pseudo-literature. Giving a hint of how bad books have been made.

King Thought, rising, delivers a wretched, low discourse to the evil Spirits; but it is not bad enough, nor fiery enough for them, so they do as



they have done here for years, write down their own thoughts, not his; and each of these malevolent books, that have already done so much injury to humanity, has some new pages added to it."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—Attendants are bringing in thru door the high tiny-desks, which they place as before in two lines, one line on either side of throne; and then retire. Each of the 19 evil Spirits places its book on one, and opens it; the king rises and talks to them awhile, during which they, by motion and facial expression, jeer at his weak ideas, and pointing with pride to their own heads, write down thoughts of their own.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

THE DEBAUCH IS ENDED.

BOOKS ARE REMOVED TO ROYAL LIBRARY,  
AND PLACED IN THEIR BOOKCASE.

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—King ends his discourse and sits down; but he is ill at ease, and rises and exits thru archway; the evil Spirits mock at him, then continue writing; after a minute they finish and close their books; and leave in a demoniac manner through archway. Attendants enter through door, gather books from desks, and take them out through archway. Scene shifts to Royal library; the attendants enter thru door with the books, and place them in their bookcase; then retire through door.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus:

EVIL "ECHOES"

"The new pages have no sooner been added to the evil books, than their echoes arise: for as stated before, bad thoughts are always echoed everywhere, as well as good thoughts. They get the books, and read the "new pages" madly and wildly; and then, snarling gibbering or laughing the while, pass out of the Palace."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—Echoes (who are ugly girls and boys in dresses of lurid and ghostly hues, that are ever shifting), magically arise, get out the books, place them on table, sit down open and read them, and then, hideously shouting and waving arms, pass out thru archway. When some rise from books, others take their places, and afterwards follow: so the stream is continuous.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "Like a ghastly river, the hideous throng of Echoes come rushing out of the palace-door, (pearl and ruby door no longer, but faded and soiled now), and go "snarling" through the Kingdom of Mind; soon making the "new evil thoughts" known there; and eventually everywhere."

The text fades; and the scene pictured by it appears—The outside of palace again: The echoes, still snarling and waving arms, come rushing continuously out of front door, at right, and run in every direction.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "Young People and Old People, who are laboring under the delusion, that pleasure or happiness can be gotten from vice, might deem these echoes to be alluring; but to the eye void of offence, they must always present a terrible and loathsome aspect."

Text on screen fades; new text appears thus: THE WORLD IS DEPENDENT ON GOOD LITERATURE.

"The vicious quality of the evil Spirits' literature, may be well illustrated by stating that it had wrought havoc and wreck, in the general conditions of the people of most all countries. It will be remembered that the most excellent of general conditions prevailed among people everywhere, as a result of the Echoes from the good Spirits' books, that came to them: but now under the Echoes that came to them from the evil Spirits' books, the prevailing general conditions had changed into the following:

Atheism.

Love of evil. Treason. Brotherly hate.

Love of the vicious. Love of the untrue.

Vulgarity. Unchastity. Intemperance.

Affectation. Pride. Corruption.

Impatience. Cowardice. Pugnacity.

Uselessness. Heartlessness. Selfishness.

Stupidity. Coarseness. Ignorance.

Idleness. Poverty. Misery.

Infidelity in marriage. Disobedience in children

Injustice—dispensed with Severity.

Internal Strife. National Warfare."

The text fades; and a scene appears that gives an object lesson of a Community, with such "general conditions" prevailing.

Scene on screen fades; new text appears thus: "The Librarian's dream of the poem's allegory of the rise and of the decline of literature, now complete, ends with the sleeper's last

Reflections.

Evil, springs up from the dregs; and its only pathway to power, is by the aid of the dregs. Its chief aim, is to assail the highest authority: to seize it for the purpose of correction, is the excuse put forth to deceive the unwary: but evil strives not for correction; but usurpation.

Shall or shall not "thought" come into its own again? To answer that question, we only have to recall the fact, that, truth crushed to earth ever rises again."

The text fades; and the movie screen rises, disclosing the Library as before; the sleeper, after

moving uncasily awakens; jumps up, and stares with bulging eyes at the place where the movie screen was.

LIBRARIAN.

Great heavens! where, O where, is the panorama That I have been witnessing! Not a thing dawns Upon my startled sight, but the old library. Was that nothing after all but a mere dream? Why, upon my life, the whole thing was real As any pageant that ever actually passed Before these very eyes. —It must be late?

(Looks at watch) Ha, just as I imagined— I was asleep there, for quite a few minutes. Well, now to don hat and walk slowly home.

(He exits thru archway, and curtain drops)

Note—regarding the “recitation” of all the

“reading matter” in the preceding Dream scene.

The explanatory “reading matter” (text) that appears upon the “movie” screen, alternately with the “pictures,” throughout the entire progress of the “dream” scene, is necessarily quite voluminous and sometimes intricate, therefore it is absolutely indispensable, in order to assure success, that a skilled “reciter” should be at hand, and whenever any “reading matter” is on the screen, he should recite it from the screen, with the aid of a wand, to the audience. In this way, the language will be better apprehended, and as a resultant the pictures will be better understood; making the full purport and scope of “the dream” much clearer to the audience.

The poem, entitled, THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY; that appears in the preceding scene, was written long ago by Anne C. Lynch Botta.

## ACT II.

Scene.—*A Reception Room, in widow MORTON'S furnished room House; nicely furnished; with a piano at right-corner, a table with books at centre, a small desk at left, a sofa on either side at front; a door at rear, and a door at right.*

(Discovered) MRS. MORTON and her daughter LUCY attired for the street.

LUCY.

Mother, dear old Mr. Marlowe, gladly agreed To keep house during our absence, as usual: Will be in soon.

MRS. MORTON.

We must do errand quickly, For James, Clara and Roger will soon come: It only lacks an hour of the concert.

LUCY.

Well,

We are attired for it.

MRS. MORTON.

That will save time.

LUCY.

I forgot to say that Mr. Marlowe paid me In full.

MRS. MORTON.

Lucy, it would be easy to run Our furnished room house, if the tenants Paid as promptly as him.

LUCY.

Isn't it a shame, That he cannot sell his plays! Eight years Writing them, he says, including 18 months With us: hard work too, yet he says that He loves it: ten plays in all; and all sent To Boniface's theatre, thru these years:

Each kept a few months for reading; then Returned: the last one came back yesterday; With the usual stereotyped letter attached, Which read thus, “We appreciate the courtesy Which placed your manuscript at our disposal, And regret that it has been found unavailable.”

MRS. MORTON.

Poor man! How did he take it?

LUCY.

He smiled sadly, And said the plays would be liked sometime.

MRS. MORTON.

Why can't James help him out? He is assistant To the play-reader: and has been there now Almost six months.

LUCY.

Are you sure it is so long?

MRS. MORTON.

Yes, he got the place only one week after You and he met Clara and Roger at library.

LUCY.

Six months ago.

MRS. MORTON.

Surely by now he must be Of some importance.

LUCY.

Perhaps he will plead With Mr. Boniface soon: whom he describes as A rotund good-natured gentleman. The play Was read some time ago by James, and passed: But two days ago the play-reader in chief, Ordered him to mail it here; having read And rejected it.

MRS. MORTON.

If James succeeds in getting  
One or more of the plays produced: to Clara,  
Must thanks be given; for James owes his place  
To her. As you well know, your chance meeting  
With Clara and Roger, has already brought us  
Rich blessing!

LUCY.

I shall always remember that!

*Enter MARLOWE, door at rear.*

MARLOWE.

At your service Mrs. Morton.

MRS. MORTON.

Dear Mr. Marlowe;  
Many thanks for your kindness:—We shall not  
Be out but a half-hour.

MARLOWE.

Don't hurry yourselves.

LUCY.

If our dear friends come before we get back,  
Please deliver my message.

MARLOWE.

I won't forget it.

*(Exit MRS. MORTON and LUCY, door at rear)*

MARLOWE.

They will be out some time: how shall I pass  
The interim profitably? Ah, I will do a bit  
Of playwriting: I will make into a "sketch,"  
The sweet little drama, that unfolded itself  
From the intercourse between Lucy and James,  
Clara and Roger; in this same Reception Room;  
Since their fateful meeting in the Library,  
Nearly six months ago: and which came to a  
Climax last week.

*(Sits at desk, takes out writing utensils)*

People in general wonder how a playwright  
Ever produces plays. Why, as in all crafts,  
One's proficiency comes from long practice.  
Anyone watching me now, would get an idea  
How it is done: excepting that in this case  
I do not have the difficulty, and delight,  
Of creating original characters; and having  
Seen these real live characters; and heard  
From them a complete narrative of all that  
Was said and done; I have but to compose  
The whole into dramatic Consistency and  
Language.—Come to think, I will write it  
"In shorthand," as I always do in the case  
Of the Original crude draft of any play.—  
Now to begin manuscript, by writing down  
The piece's title: this is,  
Heart versus Intellect.

*(Writes this down)*

A sketch in one scene. *(as he speaks it.)*  
In one scene—for we will have no drops of  
The curtain, even if the various incidents

To be treated of, did occur at intervals  
In last six months.—Next in order comes,

The Cast.

Mrs Morton, a Widow: Keeps a rooming house.  
Lucy Morton, her Daughter. *(Lovers who are too intellectual)*  
James Wallace, a Clerk. *(Lovers who are too heart-y)*  
Clara Boniface, Lucy's Friend. *(All the cast, he writes down, while speaking)*  
Roger Sherman, a Clerk.

The action takes place in this very room:  
The Reception Room. *(Writes down as he speaks)*

Of Mrs. Morton's rooming house. *(he speaks)*  
Now we are ready for the unfoldment of theme:  
The dramatic personae (or characters) of play,  
Opportunately appear upon stage, deliver their  
Set speeches, and eventually disappear again.  
All this is very real to the good playwright:—  
Why, while I am writing these things into  
My manuscripts, I always see and hear them  
*(In my mind's eye and ear)* as plainly as if  
The piece was really being played before me.—  
This charming task is so congenial, that  
My whole being begins to bubble over with  
Poetic fervor!

*(His face gradually changes into a state of intellectual sublimity, and his form becomes imbued with dignity and power, and every glance and movement is eloquently significant of that which is passing thru his mind)*

Now I will continue the writing; and am so  
Raptly enthused, that I shall imagine I see  
The characters enter, and hear them deliver  
Their speeches, and exit. So, it will seem  
To be merely writing down what the players—  
Imaginary players—are doing and saying,  
Rather than my own composing.

*(The continuation of Sketch, below—he writes on manuscript, and, it is played on stage—both in unison at the same time. This playing, which is presumed to be only his imagination, is of course done by the real characters. He now writes standing; the manuscript lies on a tablet with a handle underneath, which he grasps with one hand, and writes with the other. His attention is riveted alternately on the players, and on the manuscript as he writes; and, always keeping near left wall, he advances and retreats, when they do so as to always see their faces; shifting his attention to each speaker in turn during speech. This gives the whole an air of reality.)*

The Sketch—continuation of.

*Enter MRS. MORTON, door at right.*

MRS. MORTON.

My Lucy is tiptoed for the coming of James.  
Poor Lucy! Poor James! They love each other,  
That's sure; but neither dares to speak it:—  
Their systems are so coated over with a kind



Of literary veneer, that the tender emotions,  
Newly-awakened, cannot break thru the barrier.  
Ha, ha, they were led into platonic friendship,  
(after having met a year ago), by reason of  
Their mutual taste for literature; but their  
Yet dormant hearts, soon awoke from lethargy—  
Took the bit between the teeth—and ran away  
With their placid composure. Sooner or later  
The volcano will have an eruption; and then  
This cultivated, temperate and industrious  
Young gentleman, will lead my serious-minded  
And lovable daughter to the altar. That,  
Will please me well!

*Enter Lucy, door at right.*

LUCY.

Mother, I wish that Clara would call.

MRS. MORTON.

You

Mean the new acquaintance that you made at  
The library last week?

LUCY.

Yes, theatre-owner

Mr. Boniface's daughter.

MRS. MORTON.

You said she offered

To try and get James a place in the theatre.

LUCY.

Of her own accord yes; and to let me know  
The result. That is why I deemed it more  
Than a passing friendship.

MRS. MORTON.

You may be right.

*(Exit door at rear)*

*(Lucy sits at piano and plays an air)*

LUCY. *(rising)*

Ah, James is everything that is admirable!

*(Sadly)*. except—a lover. He's too intellectual,  
Perhaps, ever to become really electrified,  
By the divine spark—love. I have ever favored  
"the intellectual;" but now I begin to have  
My misgivings. One can undoubtedly become  
Too "brainy," at the cost of grave injury  
To the other principal organ—the heart.  
Therefore "intellectual" love, is merely  
A sham transformation; and "intellectual"  
Religion, also, is merely a sham conversion:—  
In either case, the heart, is but slightly  
Affected.—He is courting me, that is certain,  
For he has pactly said so: but he pays  
His attentions with the same kind of ardor  
That he exhibits towards unusually fine books:  
Or towards a painting, lecture, sermon, concert,  
That we often visit together:—with no trace  
Of those many sweet tokens that a girl in love  
Hungers for: such as caresses, endearments etc.

I am quite intellectual too, but he has stirred  
My heart; why cannot I stir his? It might be  
That I have; but like me, he lacks the nerve  
To show it. O, from this time on I shall try  
To galvanize him into a real lover; even if  
I have to make the first advances! *(Exit rear)*

*Enter JAMES, door at rear.*

JAMES.

Ah, Lucy is perfection itself personified!

*(Sadly)* except—a lover. She was "intellectual"  
When we first met a year ago; since then she  
Has become still more so; largely my fault:  
And too much "intellectual," I now realize,  
Makes hearts that were meant to be loving,  
Cold and calculating. Woman in particular,  
Ought to be two-sided: it is essential that,  
She cultivate the rare dowry inherited from  
Mother Eve, as well as the intellect.  
She assented to the avowal, I blurted out  
Some time ago, that—ours is a "courtship:"  
But her attitude to me, is much of the mind:  
And very little of the heart: for the latter  
Cannot function properly because the former  
Dominates her too much:—she loves me like  
She loves music, art, preaching and poetry:  
With no sign of devotion, passion and desire.

*(Sadly)*. Nothing to indicate that there is  
Any difference between me and a favorite book!  
I cannot fathom, why our love has not caused  
Her heart to begin assuming its wonted nature  
The same as it has mine? Hah, perhaps it has!  
And her lack of ardor is owing to diffidence.  
I feel almost like a poltroon, for not being  
More demonstrative! But I'll make amends now:  
I will put an arm around her: *(Lugubriously,*  
*as he sees Lucy entering door at rear)*. That is  
If I don't lose my courage.

LUCY.

Ah, YOU are here!

JAMES.

Only entered a moment ago:  
I took the usual liberty of letting myself in.

LUCY.

It is good you did: mother went to the grocery,  
And I was upstairs lighting the hall lights.

JAMES.

How could your mother run this rooming house  
Without YOU?

LUCY. *(with intent)*

She will have to do so SOMETIME.

JAMES. *(eagerly)*

Lucy, you meant something about me, didn't you,  
By that "sometime?"

LUCY. *(bashfully)*

Of course I did.



JAMES.

Sweet girl!

Now I am going to put—put—

*(He extends his arm towards her waist, but modest LUCY being a novice at this sort of a thing, is shocked and backs away)*

LUCY. *(shocked)*

What's that you say.

JAMES. *(guiltily)*

*(Withdrawing his arm and feeling of it)*  
To put my arm in a sling.

LUCY. *(scared)*

Oh, did you hurt it!

JAMES. *(downcast)*

Well—well not exactly; but I am not able  
To use it as I would like to do.

*(He winks to himself, and she comprehends:  
She begins now to miss the lost embrace)*

LUCY.

Oh pshaw!

JAMES.

Oh damn!

*(They are both vexed. She grabs a book from table and goes and sits on sofa at right-front; He does likewise and sits on sofa at left-front; Each holds book as if reading, and speaks, one at a time, as follows)*

LUCY. *(aside)*

I knew that he meant to put his arm about  
My waist; and it shocked me so, that I  
Backed away: why didn't he do it anyhow,  
The mean thing!

JAMES. *(aside)*

After shyly stating, by innuendo, that we were  
To wed, why did she back away, when in excess  
Of joy, I sought to embrace her—the cruel thing!

LUCY. *(aside)*

*(Her mood changing)* However, this episode  
Has enlightened me: could I really endure  
To have him embrace me, or kiss me! It is  
Heart-love that ennobles such things: mine is  
Intellectual-love. To like such endearments,  
I would have to be revolutionized: and that  
Takes a long time; unless something occurs  
Almost miraculous.

JAMES. *(aside)*

Yet, why do I blame her: perhaps I will have  
To do the very same thing, if she ever gets  
Demonstrative towards me: for I must admit,  
That after the impulse to embrace had passed,  
The idea of doing so became repugnant.

LUCY. *(aside)*

Though I have longed, and I guess he too has  
Longed, for more of the "sentiment of sexes,"

In our courtship: no doubt the longing was  
More imaginary than real.

JAMES. *(aside)*

I opine, we will have to pass our wedded life  
In reading books, or patronizing discourses  
And musicals:—love always awakens sentiment,  
Even in the hitherto calmest of hearts; and  
It has in us: but being greenhorns we are  
Unable to apply it: To be able, would take  
A long time: otherwise some harrowing thing  
Must come into our lives, to revivify our  
Ossified hearts.

LUCY. *(ironical)*

What are you reading?

JAMES. *(ironical)*

Something of my own  
Composition. What are you?

LUCY.

Something also  
Of my own composing.

JAMES.

I heard you; but only  
Indistinctly; being deep in my own thoughts.

LUCY.

Just my case regarding you.

JAMES.

What's your book?

LUCY.

Shelly's poems.

JAMES.

It's your turn to read aloud:  
Please oblige: begin where you have the book  
Opened; let's see what chance leads you to.

LUCY.

Very well: here it is. *(Reads, blushinglly).*

Love's Philosophy.

The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine?

JAMES. *(repeats)*

Why not I with THINE! *(Lucy continues)*  
See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdain'd its brother:  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

JAMES. (*repeats*)

If THOU kiss not ME! (*To her, beseechingly*)

LUCY. (*softly*)

Do you mean it?

JAMES.

Fervently, most fervently!

LUCY.

Then we will kiss! why should we not, we are Young lovers who are to wed: besides, to have This aloofness continue, will cause me remorse; For you sought to embrace me, and I demurred.

(*LUCY advances, JAMES does likewise, until meeting they start to kiss, timidly without embracing, but when lips come near together, he falters and backs away, then she backs away also*)

JAMES. (*apologetic*)

Forgive me, I pray you!

LUCY.

With all my heart!

I was as lukewarm as you were in the attempt. We both deserve sympathy rather than censure:—The beauty of the sentiment, and the beauty Of the expression, in the poem, touched both Of us in heart and intellect—when viewed in The abstract: but when we sought to put them Into actual practice, we failed miserably!

JAMES.

And all owing to our defective cultivation!

LUCY.

When oh when can these faults be overcome?

JAMES.

Being deep-seated, it will take long: unless Something unusual occurs.

LUCY.

That is what I say.

JAMES.

No cure is probable, till some grim spectre Rises between us that wrings the heartstrings.

LUCY.

A spectre! that would be simply awful! Besides, It might sever us, instead of affecting a cure.

JAMES.

Possibly.

LUCY.

Yet our attitude ought to change, For we are not real lovers at all: the poem Plainly shows that: why, the insipid ardor That we exhibit towards each other, is tame When compared with the glowing ardor described In the poem.

JAMES.

Ours is but a mere counterfeit.

LUCY.

Oh my, I feel just like having a good cry! (*She sits on sofa at right-front and sobs; he goes to soothe her, standing behind sofa and making ineffectual wry-face efforts to put his hand on her head caressingly, speaking the while as follows*)

JAMES.

Don't go on so, dear! All may yet be sunshine. Something may turn up to set us right, when We least expect it.

*Enter ROGER and CLARA, door at rear.*

CLARA. (*to others*)

I said that fate did not have us meet for Nothing! when we met last week in library.

LUCY.

Ah, Clara! this is delightful! You kept your Promise to call. And Roger, you are here too: This is a pleasure indeed! (*All shake hands*)

ROGER.

Clara, but awaited my arrival at her home Before starting on this visit.

CLARA.

To bring you, The glad tidings: Father requests Mr. James, To call at the Theatre to-morrow morning About eleven, in reference to the position Of assistant play-reader.

LUCY.

Isn't that grand!

Oh my dear, this is very very kind of you, And I thank you ever so much!

JAMES.

Miss Clara, Allow me to supplement Lucy's hearty thanks, With much more of my own! She has told me Of your kind proffer, and I am much elated Over the prospect.

CLARA.

And I am more than elated!

ROGER.

Clara is all heart.

CLARA.

Roger is all heart. But no intellect:—true.

ROGER.

But no intellect:—true.

LUCY.

Oh, you cruelly malign yourselves.

ROGER.

Not at all.

CLARA.

Well, perhaps it needs qualifying. Our hearts,  
We have cultivated; and they are undoubtedly  
Loving and compassionate: all that's implied  
By the well known term big or kind hearted:  
But our intellects have not been cultivated:—  
And both must in unison be trained, to make  
A real man or woman.

ROGER.

Hearts filled with ardor;  
But, little of calm content. We are creatures  
Of the emotions: and attend those amusements  
That keep them stirred up; and rarely those  
Which will inspire, instruct and elevate.  
The whole thing is at last palling us so,  
(Not being mixed with the intellectual),  
That we are turning somewhat away from  
Theatre, cabaret, movie picture, balls etc.,  
To Concert, sermon, lecture and classy book:  
But are as yet unable to appreciate them.

CLARA.

This is tattling, but I'll tell it: Since our  
Quite recent betrothal, we have been indulging  
In spasmodic endearments of infinite variety:  
And embraces and kisses, ad nauseam.

ROGER.

At last,  
Getting weary of it all; satiated as it were;  
We both reached individually the conclusion,  
That, unless emotional-love was halved with  
Intellectual-love, it would soon burn out:—  
Besides, it did not please our self-respect;  
Nor satisfy our higher natures.

CLARA.

Then we tried  
To practice the "intellectual:" first, unknown  
To each other; then, (after frank confidences)  
By agreement: but our defects were too great  
To be overcome so easily:—and now we are  
Awfully despondent!

ROGER.

Yes, almost disheartened!

LUCY.

What a strange coincidence! When you entered,  
James and I were despondent and disheartened,  
Because we are "all intellect" and "no heart."

ROGER and CLARA.

You don't say!

JAMES.

Yes: if you are too affectionate,  
We are not enough so; being practically engaged.  
(Highly cultivated minds but neglected hearts):  
What ardor and emotion we have, is much given  
To books, music, lectures and church-services;  
And only little bestowed on each other. Alas,  
There is a void that ought to be and must be  
Filled!

LUCY.

We too have sought to amend matters:  
Working unknown to each other at first; but  
The truth leaking out to-day, we tried it  
In conjunction:—our defects were also not  
To be so easily overcome.

CLARA.

Hurrah, I have it!  
Why can't you and James, teach Roger and me,  
How to cultivate the "intellect:" and at  
The same time, Roger and I, will teach  
You and James, how to cultivate the "heart."

LUCY.

What a grand idea! How did you ever think  
Of it? So awfully enjoyable! Let's do it.

ROGER.

By all means! It seems a possible way out  
Of our common dilemma.

JAMES.

Anyway, all of us  
Ought to be more or less improved.

CLARA.

Well,  
That matter is satisfactorily disposed of.  
Now, we have to go.

LUCY.

Oh no, not so soon!

ROGER.

We have an engagement to-night.

JAMES.

Ah indeed.

LUCY.

Well, come very soon again.

CLARA.

Thank you Lucy.  
It won't be long; for I am very impatient  
To put that "teaching" plan into practice.

JAMES and ROGER.

So are we.

LUCY.

So am I.

CLARA.

Pardon this short call:—  
But only came around to tell about father.  
Don't forget Mr. James: to-morrow at eleven.

JAMES.

Yes, I will be there. Thank you very much.

ROGER and CLARA.

Good-night!

JAMES and LUCY.

Good-night! Oh we will see you  
As far as the front-door. (*Exeunt at rear*)

(MARLOWE stops writing and speaks.)

MARLOWE.

That ends the action on this occasion: now  
The drop-curtain should fall: but the Sketch  
Is continuous in action: and the omission of  
The drop at the intervals, must be obviated  
By something in the lines to denote plainly  
That the action proceeds on another occasion.—  
I will resume my pleasant task.

(The writing and playing of Sketch is resumed)

Enter JAMES and LUCY, door at right.

LUCY.

Roger and Clara, are nearly due.—There goes  
The front door-bell now: that's likely them:  
Come, let's go and see. (Exeunt door at rear; and  
soon re-enter with ROGER and CLARA)

CLARA.

Lucy, just think, only about one week since  
I paid you my first visit.

LUCY.

That's long enough:  
I have been hoping for you sooner.

CLARA.

Have you.

And Mr. James, how do you like the position  
Of assistant play-reader? Papa informed me  
That you were engaged.

JAMES.

I am delighted with it!  
And all owing to you.

ROGER.

Clara, he can't tell yet  
How he likes it; having only been there a week.

CLARA.

It has been arranged, by message to and fro  
Between us, that you and James were to attend  
My father's theatre with Roger and myself:  
Are you ready?

LUCY.

At your service, thankfully!  
We have but to don our wraps.

CLARA.

Wait awhile.

You remember the "teaching" project, that  
We were all so enthusiastic about? Let us  
Spend the few moments that are to spare,  
In having our first lesson.

ROGER and LUCY.

Happy thought!

JAMES.

What shall be the method of procedure?

CLARA.

Why—

Let me think. (Pause). Lucy, you take a book,

And go sit with Roger on the sofa at right:  
James, you take a book, and go sit with me  
On the sofa at left. Both act natural: and  
Let us see what the circumstances develop:—  
That will do for a starter. (They take sofas)

LUCY.

Now Roger, I will select some fine passages,  
Throughout my book, and we will read them,  
Without utterance, together. Some other day,  
They can be interpreted: so, mark them for  
Identification.

CLARA.

That's the idea: James, you  
Select some from your book, and we will do  
The very same.

(They spend a few moments at this, during which  
at times, JAMES and LUCY's faces express joy  
at the sense of matter read, and affectionate  
ROGER and CLARA become demonstrative towards  
their respective partners, but are rebuffed un-  
til near the close, when each couple is sitting in  
an embrace; then each couple happening to  
glance at the other, says in unison)

ROGER and LUCY.

JAMES and CLARA.

Oh look there!

Oh look there!

(Both couples rise from sofas indignantly)

ROGER and LUCY. (to others)

It seems we are getting along pretty fast,  
For a first lesson!

JAMES and CLARA. (to others)

If we keep up same pace,  
What might not occur at the second lesson!

CLARA.

(Regains humour) After all, it was fun!

THE OTHERS.

Ha, Ha!

CLARA.

It takes bitter doses to cure: Those postures,  
Brought painfully to Roger and me, the folly  
Of being too emotional.

LUCY.

Yes—and those postures,  
Brought painfully to James and me, the folly  
Of being too intellectual.

ROGER.

I understand you:  
We were only a little jealous, but you were  
Unnaturally shocked.

JAMES.

Our short first lesson,  
Appears to be a big success. At the next one,  
Lucy and I will interpret to you, what was  
Just read: then more reading will be done;  
And we will interpret that also.



LUCY.

And we all  
Will attend musicals, church-services and  
Lectures; and the best of what we hear there  
Shall receive interpretation.

ROGER.

Clara and I,  
Will also interpret to you, the endearments,  
That were much in evidence to-night. (*LUCY and  
JAMES smile.*) Then still more endearing  
Will be done; and we will interpret that too.

CLARA.

And we will attend together, the theatres,  
And movie pictures: and the best that we see  
Or hear there, shall be interpreted to you.—  
(*Looks at watch*) It is now time for theatre.

LUCY.

We will get ready at once. Come along please  
To next room: there is a door there also  
Leading to hall: we'll go out that way.

(*Exeunt door at right*)

MARLOWE.

(*Stops writing and speaks*) Another interval,  
Comes here: and something must be put in the  
Next lines also, to denote that the action  
Proceeds on another occasion.—I will resume  
My pleasant task again.

(*The writing and playing of Sketch is resumed*)  
*Enter MRS. MORTON, door at right, with a light-  
ed lamp which she places on table.*

MRS. MORTON.

"Drifted apart;" that's what Lucy and James  
Have done! "Drifted apart;" that's also what  
Clara and Roger have done! And all through  
That "teaching," as they call it. The custom  
Which began some five months ago, consists of  
"readings" held here every two weeks: and of  
Visits to churches, and theatres; but always  
All together; and of late alas, Roger escorts  
Lucy, and James escorts Clara. Drifted apart  
So far that James does not call on Lucy, nor  
Does Roger call on Clara. From observations,  
I am confident in my own mind, that each one  
Is more attached than ever to the first love;  
But in the general estrangement, are too proud  
To make the first advances at reconciliation.  
Oh how I yearn to set things right! therefore  
I have them all here to supper, intending  
To question each one separately: I consider  
That I may be pardoned for doing so.—Roger!

*Enter ROGER, door at right.*

ROGER.

Did you call me, Mrs. Morton?

MRS. MORTON.

I did, Roger.  
I want to ask a question: and trust me that  
There is good reason:— Do you love my Lucy?

ROGER.

Well—no—not exactly: I'm charmed; flattered,  
And all that: but I love Clara; always much;  
But now most dearly, that these our teachings  
Have cultivated my intellect!

MRS. MORTON.

I have been  
Ignorant of the purpose of these teachings:  
Lucy has been shyly reserved about them:—  
But they have done you good.

ROGER.

And more harm!  
Clara has learned to love her tutor James!

MRS. MORTON.

Oh has she. (*She smiles knowingly*). Roger,  
Please leave now: send Clara in. (*Exit Roger*)  
*Enter CLARA, door at right.*

CLARA.

You sent for me.

MRS. MORTON.

Yes Clara. I want to be  
Your confidant: for an excellent reason:—  
What are your feelings towards James?

CLARA.

James?

I can scarcely tell: is it love? No indeed:  
Roger has my heart long; and a cultured mind,  
(The result of our teachings) has enabled me  
To multiply that love a hundred fold!

MRS. MORTON.

Good!

The teaching has been a blessing to you:  
For even better than a beautiful physique,  
Is a glorious mind.

CLARA.

Blessing, and curse too:  
Because Lucy and Roger were obliged to be  
Much together, and he has given his heart  
To her!

MRS. MORTON.

Oh has he. (*She smiles knowingly*)  
That's all Clara: Send James in. (*Exit Clara*)  
*Enter JAMES, door at right.*

JAMES.

At your service.

MRS. MORTON.

I have a delicate question  
To ask, James: not inquisitive but corrective;  
As you may discover later:— How do you like  
Clara?

JAMES.

Clara: why I love her!

MRS. MORTON. (*disturbed*)

Do you indeed!

JAMES.

Why shouldn't I? Under her tutoring, my heart  
Has become cultivated; and my old calm love  
For Lucy, has been warmed, sweetened, and  
Enhanced with untold beauties never even  
Dreamt of! (MRS. MORTON'S face now beams)

MRS. MORTON.

There must be a happy blending  
Of heart and intellect, to make true love.  
I have often said to myself, that your heart  
And Lucy's heart must soon come to life; and  
Break down the intellectual composure, that,  
Considering your relations was so unnatural:—  
This teaching which you four have given to  
Each other here for the past several months,  
Has been a godsend to you.

JAMES.

But Mrs. Morton,  
It has wrung my heartstrings also! because  
Roger being obliged to be constantly in  
Her company, has won Lucy's heart away  
From me!

MRS. MORTON.

You don't say. (*Smiles knowingly*)  
Well, Lucy's choice, shall receive my favor.  
Go now please: and send her to me. (*Exit James*)

*Enter LUCY, door at right.*

LUCY.

What is it dear mother?

MRS. MORTON.

My darling Lucy,  
To ask a question. I could always depend  
Upon your word; and answer me truthfully.  
I implore you:—Are you or are you not  
In love with Roger?

LUCY.

How strange you talk:  
Why, you know that James and I are lovers.  
O, how our teachings have made me love him!  
The intellect gives one a world-wide vision,  
The heart gives one a tenderness ocean-deep:  
My life is now made up of the two; and dear  
James reigns supreme in it!

MRS. MORTON.

My dear child!  
I have yearned for this very change in you,  
Which these teachings—as you call them—  
Have perfected. Once, I thought them to be  
Harmful; but they have richly blessed you.

LUCY.

But O the dreadful heartache, also! Yet  
Maybe it had to come: otherwise the cure,  
Would not have been so quick, or perfect:—  
Oh mother, you have seen it too—My James  
Loves Clara!

MRS. MORTON.

The scamp! (*Smiles knowingly*)  
Well, I won't delay your class any longer:  
Go now and bring the others in. (*Exit Lucy*)

MRS. MORTON.

By going at it in a roundabout way, I have  
Found matters just as I thought them to be,  
And wanted them to be,—they all believe  
That their lovers are false. Strange to say,  
That has been a great blessing; for no such  
Remarkable betterment could have occurred  
In their hearts and intellects, had not the  
Green-eyed jealousy inspired them to emulate  
The attractive qualities of their rivals.

*Exit MRS. MORTON and then re-enter JAMES,  
ROGER, CLARA and LUCY, all door at right.*

LUCY.

Clara, my dear, it is your turn to sing  
A customary opening song.

CLARA.

I know it is,  
And will oblige. (*She sits at piano and plays and  
sings "The Heart Bowed Down." Each of oth-  
ers stands alone, and their faces grow sad as  
song proceeds: Song now ends*)

LUCY.

You must be sad at heart to select that.

CLARA.

I am! And you all must be so too: judging  
From the melancholy looks upon your faces.

JAMES, ROGER and LUCY.

We are indeed!

JAMES.

Sadness of the heart; Clara  
Interprets in song, to us who are sorrowing:  
Song—a proper medium, where the intellect  
Is but secondary. I deem it appropriate also  
To interpret in verse, sadness of the intellect:  
Verse—a proper medium, where the heart is  
But secondary:—quoting Macbeth's piteous  
Appeal: slightly paraphrased.  
"Come thou now, minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of all that grief,  
Which weighs upon the heart!"

ROGER.

Bravo!—Now we have had both phases of our  
Melancholy well interpreted.

MRS. MORTON.

(*Looking in at right*). Are you not going  
Right on with your teaching?

EVERYBODY.

(*With bored voices and looks, as though that had now become distasteful*). The teaching; Oh, what a bore!

(*LUCY takes a book and with ROGER sits on sofa at right; JAMES takes a book and with CLARA sits on sofa at left. ROGER and LUCY now read together, without utterance, from book; during which they make mutual demonstrations of affection; but these are lukewarm: and ROGER tries covertly to watch CLARA, and LUCY tries covertly to watch JAMES, on account of jealousy: at the same time JAMES and CLARA sitting on other sofa, are doing the very same, together and towards the other pair. They spend a minute at this, when MRS. MORTON, who had remained peeking in, enters*)

MRS. MORTON.

I understand, you have paired off so long thus, In order to profit by each other's proficiency. You should be, and as you say are, improved: To obtain still better results. (*She smiles*) You should now pair differently, sometimes: Roger and Clara, you sit together: and you James and Lucy, sit together. (*They all demur*) Bad children! do you dare disobey me: then I will have to use coercion. (*She transposes ROGER over to CLARA, and JAMES over to LUCY: each couple looks sheepish*)

MRS. MORTON.

Now you must do just the same as you have Been doing: Read your books together; and Be affectionate also. (*They all demur*) Why You obstinate scholars, obey me instantly: Begin the reading first. (*They do so*). Now Some embracing. (*They demur again*). Go on, Do as I command you. (*After funny attempts they finally do so*). More reading, please. That will answer: now another embrace. Hah, It went easy that time! You are apt pupils.

JAMES to LUCY and ROGER to CLARA.  
O how you have improved!

LUCY to JAMES and CLARA to ROGER.  
O how you have improved!

JAMES to LUCY and ROGER to CLARA.  
Let's go on embracing forever!

LUCY to JAMES and CLARA to ROGER.  
I don't mind!  
(*blushing*)

MRS. MORTON.

My beloved! I am inexpressibly happy now! Drifted apart: but still loving each other;— Was the only way that I diagnosed your cases. To reunite you at once, was my deep longing. And my duty,—provided that my surmises were Correct. To ascertain that, I took the liberty

Of questioning you all, separately; revealing Naught to any of what another said; and found From your answers—to my delight—that each Was more faithful than ever to the first love!

ROGER.

Dear Madam, that is what I told you!

CLARA, JAMES, and LUCY. (*in turn*)

And I!

(*This mutual confession brings an embrace*)

MRS. MORTON.

With very happy thoughts, I looked in on you; Meditating the while how to tactfully proceed To reunite you: when your positions on sofas Gave me a hint; and I acted on it, with this Felicitous result.

EVERYBODY.

Thank you ever so much!—  
(*They rise and shake her hands gratefully*)

JAMES.

Clara, even if we never meant to be lovers; We meant to be dear friends: and we shall be!

LUCY.

The dearest of friends, Roger: for fate sent You and Clara here, that James and I might Find our hearts!

ROGER.

Time will cement our friendship Lucy! resting as it does on a corner-stone Of gratitude: for you and James, have taught Clara and me, to expand our intellects!

CLARA.

And,  
As friends—dear friends, we will take many A glorious jaunt together, through portions Of the Kingdom of Mind! (*Exeunt door at right*)

MARLOWE.

(*Stops writing and speaks*) That little word, E-x-e-u-n-t, (*He spells it out,*) that I just Wrote down, finishes my little Sketch; with The lifelike mental picture going off stage By door at right; as the imaginary curtain, Slowly falls:—A real curtain, if the thing, Is ever produced.—Now, I will put Sketch And writing utensils in the desk; and take A nap in its easy chair. (*He almost dozes*)

*Enter MRS. MORTON, LUCY, CLARA and ROGER door at rear.*

MRS. MORTON.

Almost asleep, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE.

For the last minute,— I have been playwriting during the balance Of your absence.



LUCY.

Clara and Roger arrived  
Just as we got back.

MARLOWE.

Quite a coincidence.

CLARA.

Ten plays you have written, Dear Mr. Marlowe,  
In as many years. Lucy has let me read some  
Typewriter copies of them: and I don't care  
What papa, or his play-reader says; they are  
Simply grand:—how in the world can you ever  
Think of so many beautiful and sublime things?

MARLOWE.

Really Miss Clara, you flatter me too much:  
Nevertheless I thank you very sincerely!  
In reply to your question, I want to ask  
You one: how does a young-lady always select  
A lover?

CLARA. (*blushing*)

Don't ask me: perhaps—for beauty.

MARLOWE.

Exactly; and—beauty—is a comprehensive word.  
Then she learns to love him; and the beauty,  
Expands into untold glories: much of it, real;  
And some of it imaginary. A playwright too,  
Selects a theme—for beauty: then he learns  
To love it; and the beauty becomes marvelous!  
Much of it real: some, imaginary: the real,  
Forming the main structure of the play; and  
The imaginary, making the “thrills.”

CLARA.

That is  
A lovely and lucid survey of the “matter:”  
Now, regarding the “manner:” that is, the  
Exquisite versification of the blank-verse?

MARLOWE.

The Bible says: “The ear trieth words, as  
The mouth tasteth meat:” therefore words,  
Finally come to be loved for their own sake:  
And it is quite easy to cull a choice lot,  
And string them together harmoniously.

ROGER.

How delightfully you have explained that too.

*Enter JAMES, door at rear.*

JAMES.

Ah, everyone here, and ready for the concert.  
(*He greets them all, but LUCY tenderly*)

MRS. MORTON.

Only waiting for you James.

JAMES.

Then let's start.

ROGER.

Yes, it is time we did.

JAMES.

By the bye, Marlowe;  
I had a talk with my employer Mr. Boniface,  
About your plays: I tried hard to get him  
To produce one: he said that his play-reader  
Had turned them down: and he generally went  
By his judgment:—but that you might call  
To-morrow at 3 o'clock, with all the plays,  
And he would look at them.

EVERYBODY.

Isn't that grand!

MARLOWE.

James, I don't know how to speak my thanks!

ROGER.

Come along with us Marlowe.

EVERYBODY.

Yes, yes, do so!

MARLOWE.

Thank you kindly! not now, some other time.  
Good-night to you all.

EVERYBODY.

Good-bye for present.

(*Exeunt all but MARLOWE, door at rear*)

MARLOWE.

I wonder if one or more of my plays is really  
Going to be produced at last? Well, no matter;  
I shall take whatever outcome with composure:  
For now in my old age, I have mounted to the  
Last of ambition's three stages: which are,  
First, the desire to make money: second,  
The craving for fame: and third and last,  
The soul-satisfying longing, to be useful  
To others. That is what I write for now.

(*Exit door at rear*)

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Try-out Room of the Boniface Theatre. Being the miniature of the inside of a theatre; with a stage at rear, and private-boxes: some chairs for critical spectators are ranged on either side of room: regular entrances onto stage, and door at either side of room.*

(*Discovered*) *The chairs and the private-boxes all occupied by critical Spectators, both sexes; Mr. Boniface sitting at right, nearest of all to the footlights of main stage; his Right-hand Man sits by him: a small orchestra is at the small stage.*

BONIFACE.

(*Having read a card handed to him by an Attendant who entered right*). Send him in.

(*Exit Attendant*)

*Enter MARLOWE, door at right.*

MARLOWE.

(*To BONIFACE who advances to him*). Is this Mr. Boniface, of the Boniface Theatre?

BONIFACE.

Yes,

Dear Mr. Marlowe. —Let me introduce you to My Right-hand man. (*They bow*). Have a seat.

MARLOWE.

Thank you.

BONIFACE.

When I told James yesterday, you Might call at three to-day, I had forgotten This affair:—being a playwright, I presume You know all about a "try-out?"

MARLOWE.

Very little:

My knowledge of the stage is limited: what Technique I have, was gotten from a study Of some of the great dramatists.

BONIFACE.

Sometimes,

That is the best way. Well sir, a try-out is The way we test an actor's capabilities, Before engaging him. All these spectators, Being actors in my regular stock-company, Are qualified to be Critics. They listen To the various performers, and give them The hand-clap—or the hook—according as Their merits warrant.

MARLOWE.

Regular vaudeville eh?

BONIFACE.

Yes, indeed.—Have you the plays?

MARLOWE.

Yes, here.

BONIFACE.

Oh, there comes Stage-manager and a Lady: I will look your works over, while she is Doing her stunt. (*He looks over plays*)

*Enter on small stage a LADY and STAGE-MANAGER.*

STAGE-MANAGER.

As you all know, these try-outs are held For the purpose of getting untried artists; When the supply of those with a reputation, Is inadequate. Our miniature theatre here, (A recent adjunct to the theatre itself,) Subjects these aspirants for fame and coin, To almost the strain of a real show.

EVERYBODY.

Bravo!

STAGE-MANAGER.

First trial is for role of "leading lady." We will now have a taste of her quality: She as Juliet; I being her Romeo.

LEADING-LADY. (*farcically*)

"'Tis but thy name that is my enemy: Thou art thyself, although a Montague. What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O! be some other name. What's in a name? that which we call a rose, By any other name would smell as sweet; So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd: Retain that dear perfection which he owes Without that title—Romeo, doff thy name; And for thy name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself!" (*She throws herself into his arms, and he evades her with a grimace*)

STAGE-MANAGER.

ALL yourself? I don't want any part of it! I hardly think you to be adapted for a Leading lady; unless it be—to lead cows Into the pasture. (*Exit STAGE-MANAGER and LADY, as the CRITICS laugh and jeer*)

BONIFACE.

(*Handing back the plays*). These productions, Are all written in blank-verse.

MARLOWE.

Is that an Unpardonable fault in a play?

BONIFACE.

The public, Won't stand for it.

MARLOWE.

Blank-verse it is: but Much of it is unpretentious in style; and Simple in diction:—none of it however is In hyphenated column-prose.

BONIFACE.

Everybody writes  
That way: why not you?

MARLOWE.

Because, it is not  
Dramatic: nor is it a superior way in which  
To clearly forcibly and eloquently express  
An idea.

BONIFACE.

Well, go on: what else can you say?

MARLOWE.

Whether successfully, or not; I have tried  
To make them classical.

RIGHT-HAND MAN.

What is your idea,  
Of a classic?

MARLOWE.

Why, not necessarily a piece  
That was written by ancient Greeks or Romans;  
Nor modernly written by these old formulas;  
But, any piece that is meritorious enough,  
To breast the tide of time:—not, to be played  
For a short period and then cast to the winds.

BONIFACE.

That's good: now continue.

MARLOWE.

I flatter myself,  
That they are also well calculated to thrill  
And engross an audience: as much so as any  
Of your "best drawers:" and besides, they are  
Instructive, elevating, and point out some  
Moral lesson.

RIGHT-HAND MAN.

Here's another trial. We'll have to suspend  
Our talk again until it's over.

*Enter two COMEDIANS and STAGE-MANAGER.*

STAGE-MANAGER.

We need for road vaudeville, two high-class  
Artists—in a farcical colloquy ending with  
A song and dance—These young fellows will try  
To make good. *(They perform excellently; and  
excunt to the plaudits of the CRITICS, and  
STAGE-MANAGER; he then exits)*

BONIFACE.

When interrupted by the stunt, I was about  
To say, Marlowe, that at present, we depend  
More upon the accessories of the drama—  
The costumes properties scenery and lighting—  
Than upon the drama itself.

MARLOWE.

But my dear sir:  
The component parts of a drama, consisting  
Of the theme, fervor and beauty of lines,  
Climaxes and catastrophes known as thrills,  
Characterizations, pathetic sentiments that

Move the heart: these, and not these alone,  
But costumes properties and scenery also,  
Must be of an immeasurably higher order  
Of conception, in a play written in fine  
Literature, than a botch work one.

*(Some of the CRITICS are paying more or less  
attention to the talk going on between MARLOWE,  
BONIFACE and RIGHT-HAND MAN)*

A CRITIC.

Speaking,  
Of botch work: why sir, the average drama,  
Of to-day, is nothing but Naked Indecency;  
Partly concealed, (to offset legal protests)  
In a covering of literary gauze.

RIGHT-HAND MAN.

Moralist!—  
You have always been looked upon as one of  
The goody-goodies in theatrical profession.—  
Ah, it is the Primadonna's turn to try-out!  
We will have to listen to her cadences.

*Enter a PRIMADONNA and STAGE-MANAGER.*

STAGE-MANAGER.

This lady assures me, (having no sponsors,  
I am obliged to take her own word for it)  
That she is the equal, if not superior to  
Any one of the world's famous primadonnas.  
We want a songstress that will add lustre  
To our road Opera Troupe. She will sing  
One of the popular Cavatinas.

*(The PRIMADONNA sings an operatic selection,  
exuberantly and ludicrously: the CRITICS not wish-  
ing to interrupt because of enjoyment, manifest  
their mirth by smiles and actions: STAGE-MAN-  
AGER finally stops her, saying—)*

STAGE-MANAGER.

You are "prima" all right; but you are  
Not "donna." I mean the word—done—as the  
Italians pronounce it: you are not "done'a,"  
Not well baked!

*(Excunt STAGE-MANAGER and LADY to jeers)*

BONIFACE. *(laughing)*

She brings down the house!

MARLOWE. *(laughing)*

Indeed she does!

BONIFACE.

Now to come back to the charge of indecency  
In our present day dramas. Our Playwrights,  
Do indeed write many of that class of plays:—  
Why do we theatrical owners and managers,  
Produce them?

CRITIC.

For the very simple reason that  
You don't know any better.

BONIFACE.

Ah!—Mr. Marlowe,  
I hope that you do not consider us to be  
The numbskulls, that his rejoinder denotes  
By inference.



MARLOWE.

I must confess I once labored  
Under that fallacy: but was undeceived by  
Reading in the library, a number of books  
Written by our theatre owners and managers:  
Which not only gave proof of business acumen;  
But proof of fine literary attainments and  
Mental capacity; alive still, though warped  
By present conditions.

BONIFACE.

I thank you on behalf  
Of all theatre owners and managers! Please  
Let me follow with a few words in our favor.  
Materialism, has infected and paralyzed,  
All branches of thought: and Commercialism,  
Has infected and distorted, all branches  
Of action. The heart, is with its treasure,  
And this is Mammon; the intellect, instead  
Of being cultivated, is degraded: why then  
Should not the theatre goers, share in the  
Universal contamination; and become what  
They now are—largely made up of vulgarians:  
Who know little of art or literature; and  
Care for nothing but the gratification of  
Their tawdry tastes, and animal appetites.  
Any spectators at theatres, who are keenly  
Observant of the faces and manners of the  
Audiences, cannot fail to see that there  
Are many of this class. That sirs is why  
We all produce these shady plays.

CRITIC.

By your  
Own words, you stand accused! You are aware  
That a large majority of theatre-goers are  
Degenerates, yet you pander to their vices:  
When you ought, at the risk of fortune, yea,  
Life itself, endeavor to regenerate them,  
By staging plays that are adapted to that  
Purpose.

BONIFACE.

More of this afterwards: I want to know what  
Declamatory power, this actor has.

*Enter a STAR-ACTOR and STAGE-MANAGER.*

STAGE-MANAGER.

Our "substitute" Star, is ailing: and as  
An emergency may arise, we cannot afford  
To be without one. This Gentleman applies  
For the place; bringing high encomiums.  
He will give us two famous soliloquies  
On "discontent:" each one viewing it in  
A different aspect. To be discontented,  
Is to be out of harmony with surroundings,  
Or to be unthankful for blessings.  
The first one, is that of Brand: the titular  
Character in Ibsen's great play.

THE STAR.

"Ah life! ah life! Why art thou then  
So passing sweet to mortal men?  
In every weakling's estimation

His own life does as grossly weigh  
As if the load of man's salvation  
Upon his puny shoulders lay.  
For every burden he's prepared,  
God help us,—so his life be spared!—  
Two thoughts in boyhood broke upon me,  
And spasms of laughter in me woke,  
And from our ancient school-dame won me  
Many a just and bitter stroke.  
An Owl I fancied, scared by night;  
A Fish that had the water-fright;  
I sought to banish them;—in vain,  
They clung like leeches to my brain.  
Whence rose that laughter in my mind?  
Ah, from the gulf, dimly divined,  
Between the living world we see  
And the world as it ought to be,  
Between enduring what we must,  
And murmuring, it is unjust!  
Ah, whole or sickly, great or small,  
Such owls, such fishes, are we all.  
Born to be tenants of the deep,  
Born to be exiles from the sun,  
This, even this, does us appall;  
We dash against the beetling steep,  
Our starry-vaulted home we shun,  
And crying to heaven, bootless pray  
For air and the glad flames of day!"

*(This is grandly done, and evokes applause)*

STAGE-MANAGER.

The last one is that of Hamlet.

THE STAR.

"To be, or not to be; that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

*(The STAR does this grandly also; and exits to  
the plaudits of the CRITICS and STAGE-MANAGER;  
he then exits)*

RIGHT-HAND MAN.

He's a hummer, eh, Mr. Boniface.

BONIFACE.

Yes indeed:—

A reminder of Booth, Keene, and the other  
Great ones.

MARLOWE.

The demon "discontent" exists  
Mostly, it is thought, in minds that are  
Improperly developed, or not developed  
At all.

BONIFACE.

Now, to reply to the goody-goody—  
As my right-hand man has called him—and  
Properly so; for he more than any others  
Of this assemblage of actors, criticizes  
The try-out performers on moral grounds:—  
He scathingly charges me with pandering  
To the low tastes of the masses; but he  
Well knows, (as member of my stock company)  
That large numbers of the public, want plays  
Which make them, worse—not better; and that  
Were I not to please them, my daily patrons  
Would consist of but a corporal's guard.

CRITIC.

Then,

You had better close up. But I'm quite sure  
That the public in general are not beyond  
The chance of reformation: they would soon  
Begin to enthuse over a clean, classy play!

BONIFACE.

I have very grave doubts about it.

MARLOWE.

Have you

Ever really tried them?

BONIFACE.

Not of late years:  
Not since Shakespeare, and other literature  
Of a high order, spelt ruin.

MARLOWE.

Try, try, again sir!  
The decline was gradual, so will be the rise.  
I have often purposed, even at great sacrifice  
To myself, to endeavor to make the theatre  
More moral. Now that I have an easy chance  
To plead with you, one of its large pillars,  
It would be dastardly not to do so.

BONIFACE.

Marlowe,  
Your dreams are eutopian, I fear; but go on.

MARLOWE.

The Theatre's (like the Church's) mission,  
Is to help bring the kingdom of God on earth:  
And it must live up truly to that mission!  
It has its particular province; vast in area:  
Which is, "to hold the mirror up to nature:"

To show virtue, its image; and encourage it:  
To show vice, its image; and terrify it.  
If as at present, the false mirror flatters,  
Vice is made to look alluring—not hideous,  
And virtue is made to look distasteful—not  
Glorious.

BONIFACE.

Your words are very impressive,—  
But they fade away in the glamour of beauty:  
Oh my, those girls would tempt an anchorite!

*Enter seven YOUNG WOMEN, attired in diaphanous  
gauze dresses with short skirts, who line up in  
a row of six, the seventh in front: STAGE-MAN-  
AGER enters also.*

STAGE-MANAGER.

This Soloist and Chorus, are said to be  
14 carat solid gold. If they try-out so,  
We may add them to the road comic-opera.  
They wind up singing, with an airy dance.

RIGHT-HAND MAN.

I'll engage them: they have the profession's  
Most valuable asset—large and shapely calves!  
(*They sing a solo and chorus, divinely; then  
dance in a sensuous and mazy manner; and  
excunt to a storm of applause*)

STAGE-MANAGER.

That ends to-day's try-outs. (*Excunt Everybody  
at either side; except BONIFACE and MARLOWE*)

BONIFACE.

Now Marlowe, a last word about your plays.

MARLOWE.

It is a salesman's duty, to fully describe  
His wares: extol their merits, and magnify  
The purchaser's possible profit, as highly  
As the facts in the case warrant:—I think  
That I have done so.

BONIFACE.

You have presented them  
In glowing colors! and I am certain that  
They are as good, if not better than your  
Presentment. I like you! and I know that  
I should like your plays; but the public  
Positively would not: and despite criticism,  
I will please them:—I regret exceedingly  
That they are unavailable.

MARLOWE.

I thank you, sir!—  
(*They walk towards door*). Dear Mr. Boniface,  
I entreat you—irrespective of my own plays,  
I entreat you to seriously ponder over this  
Discussion between the three of us to-day.  
You are a magnate, in the Theatrical World:  
You have power to be a public benefactor;  
A blessing to struggling humanity. You can,  
You will, be a pioneer, in an eventually  
Tremendous movement, that will never cease

Until the masses, the people in general,  
Are brought to become participants in the  
Limitless blessings and treasures of the  
Kingdom of Mind!

BONIFACE.

I would like to adopt  
Your well meant scheme, Marlowe; but look  
Upon it as visionary and impracticable:  
And so will have to emphatically decline,  
With thanks. *(Exeunt)*

SCENE II. — *A Vacant Room, in widow Morton's  
furnished room House. The room is full width  
of stage, but not deep; and vacant except a sofa,  
standing at right, in front: a door at right, and  
left.*

*(Discovered)* MRS. MORTON, LUCY, JAMES, CLARA  
and ROGER.

MRS. MORTON.

There goes the front-door bell, Lucy.

LUCY.

Yes dear.

ROGER.

Maybe it is Mr. Taft, the librarian. I spoke  
To him to-day of Mr. Marlowe's illness; and  
He intends to call after he closes.

CLARA.

I told  
Miss Barton, his assistant, also: she said  
That as her Edward was to call for her,  
They would come around together.

JAMES.

And it

Is now past nine.

MRS. MORTON.

Mr. Marlowe, has taken  
As much of a fancy to these fond lovers,  
As he has to Clara and Roger, or James  
And Lucy.

*Re-enter LUCY, door at right, with MR. TAFT,  
MISS BARTON and EDWARD.*

LUCY.

Let me announce, Miss Ada Barton, Mr. Taft,  
And Mr. Edward Clyde. *(laughs.)* I said that  
Just for fun; as all of you have met here  
More than once: Edward and Ada call often,  
But Mr. Taft only rarely, I regret to say.

MR. TAFT.

How is dear old Mr. Marlowe?

EDWARD and ADA.

Yes, how is he?

MRS. MORTON.

He has taken a turn for the worse; and we  
Just telephoned for the doctor.

MR. TAFT.

What ails him?

JAMES.

The doctor says he has a heart disorder;  
Which is of recent origin, but is growing  
Rapidly.

LUCY.

And complications incidental to  
Moderate old-age.

CLARA.

Do you think that worry,  
Over his fruitless interview with father,  
At theatre, had anything to do with it?

MRS. MORTON.

Well, that was two months ago; and since,  
He has been in his usual good-spirits; but  
Some few persons learn to smile even while  
They are being stricken.

LUCY.

*(To MR. TAFT, EDWARD and ADA)*

The doctor wants  
Us to be with him at times; but to leave  
When he shows signs of weariness. Maybe  
It will not be good for you to go in yet:  
I will see. *(Exit at left)*

MRS. MORTON.

This big room,  
We are cleaning; and the furniture is out  
In the hall. It was vacated four days ago,  
The day before he took sick. His hall-room  
Adjoins it; so we opened the door between,  
And brought him onto the sofa there; which  
Had been brought back. This has been done  
Several times.

LUCY. *(re-enters)*

He was a bit delirious—  
Talking ramblingly; but it subsided; and  
He expressed a wish to come in here.

JAMES.

Then

Let's bring him by all means: come Roger.

*(Exeunt JAMES, ROGER and MRS. MORTON, left)*

EDWARD.

How do you keep watch on him; you being  
On the floor below?

LUCY.

Oh we run up often:  
And Roger and Clara help in the evenings:—  
We had just been in when you came.

ADA.

Maybe

The hospital would be the better place.

LUCY.

The doctor says, he is contented with us,  
And that is a big factor in his case; but



That he may have to send him there later.

*Re-enter MRS. MORTON, JAMES and ROGER, supporting MARLOWE in; attired in a robe; they lay him on sofa, and put a coverlet over.*

MARLOWE.

Ah, Mr Taft, you here; this is indeed joy!

MR. TAFT.

Yes, dear friend! Roger told me you were ill: So, after library hours, I hurried around. You are better, I hope?

MARLOWE.

I too—hope—I am: But am not certain.—Dear Ada and Edward! You have come also. Now I have my dearies, All with me. Each couple take hold of hands, And let me see how pretty you mate together.

ADA.

Edward is awful bashful, dear Mr. Marlowe; But I guess he will do it to please you.

EDWARD.

Indeed I will,—even that.

JAMES, ROGER, LUCY and CLARA.

And so will we.

*(Each pair of lovers blushing join hands)*

MARLOWE.

What a lovely sight! Three pair of lovers; With faces transfigured by delight: and Possessing that which gives to every one The magic power of living life's every day In a world of enchantment—youth! When I think of my own youth, the diapason Of joy, is tinged with sadness! Besides my Other delights, I loved: yes, crusty old Bachelor that I am now, I did not escape Sweet love's infection:—*(sadly)* but it Never came to aught.

TAFT.

Let me, another crusty Old bachelor with an episode similar to Your own, say that you do not exaggerate The glory of youth!

MARLOWE.

A verse of Goethe's Faust; Which tho partly more applicable to his own Poetical life, yet gives a lovely picture Of youth: and the yearning with which it is Universally looked back upon:—I quote it.

"Then give me back that time of pleasure,  
While yet in joyous growth I sang.—  
When like a fount, the crowding measures  
Uninterrupted gushed and sprang!  
Then bright mist veiled the world before me,  
In opening buds a marvel woke,  
As I the thousand blossoms broke,  
Which every valley richly bore me!

I nothing had, and yet enough for youth—  
Joy in illusion, ardent thirst for Truth.  
Give, unrestrained, the old emotion,  
The bliss that touched the verge of pain,  
The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion,—  
O, give me back my youth again!"

EVERYBODY.

Bravo! bravo!—

CLARA.

Why you spoke that as perfect,  
As Goethe himself would, were he alive!

TAFT.

Because, Marlowe too, is a poet; and has The "deeper conception." Shakespeare spoke His own lines, better than anybody else, Because he had a poet's deeper conception.

MARLOWE.

I met, Lucy and James—then Clara and Roger— Then Ada and Edward—and how you have twined About my heartstrings! What bliss it has been To think of sharing with all of you, and my Two grandnieces, the vast fortune that I Felt must inevitably result from my plays: Not for money's sake; but as a love token, As huge in measure as is the love. —These Have proved to be nothing but "pipe dreams;" And the same will no doubt result in future: Then, what use to leave a will, for an estate That has no present or prospective value; The surrogate would deem it preposterous. If the improbable occurs after I am gone, And profits accrue—not being relatives You could not inherit without a will. But You shall get something dearies; not much, But all that I have to bestow: dying I Will leave to you, and living I will give To you—my richest blessings!

MRS. MORTON.

See, he closes his eyes as if in weariness: Let's leave him alone awhile. We can spend The time in his room: closing door between.  
*(Exeunt door at left)*

MARLOWE.

It was not weariness, as she said, that Made me close my eyes, but that awful pain About my heart: far worse even than what I just had in my room. Can it be that I am going to die? Ah no, I want to live, Until my plays are sold. Who will buy them? Boniface would not: nor would he listen To my beseechings for theatrical reform.— Is it ambition or altruism, that makes me Want to sell my plays? Well, as I am human, Something of the former, no doubt; but more Of the latter by far: for now in my age, I have an intense yearning, that the world Shall have become a little better for that I have been living in it. *(Sits up on sofa)* Looking back thru the history of all ages, We read of men, who, thru love of knowledge, And the hope of elevating humanity, pursued

A persistent course of study, and became the World's preeminent "thinkers" in the various Branches of knowledge. This great learning, Conveyed to others by tongue—pen—deeds, Has been of untold blessing to human race. I see a vision of them—each one in his Own era, and all animated by the hope Of ascending so high in literary altitude, That frail humanity could look up to them, As they do to the stars, for inspiration— Hah, I see them now plainly, mounting up The very pinnacle of fame!

*(The rear wall fades away magically, disclosing a—Pinnacle—as high as flies, of white marble and adorned with flowers; there are Niches on it each capable of holding a statue: during the acting, when the row of niches, one above the other, that faces front, all become occupied, the pinnacle revolves until the next row faces front, and so on continuously. The pinnacle is presumed to be only his vision, therefor the acting of it must be in strict accord with his long speech, below: this speech also makes clear to the audience anything in the pinnacle scene that otherwise might be ambiguous. The pinnacle climbers, enter and climb, one at a time: he rises now, and standing speaks while looking alternately at the climber, and towards the audience, the following long speech, in a clear, but ecstatic-delirious manner)*

First, I see Moses—who largely wrote first Five books of the Bible, the Pentateuch— After sufferings and setbacks, he attains A lofty niche!—Next comes Martin Luther— Who did so much for Religion—he reaches A niche but little lower!—Next Aristotle— Who laid the corner stone of Philosophy!— Next, Herodotus—the "Father of History"— Next, Galileo—the bright particular star Of Astronomy!—Next, Demosthenes—who led The way to moving eloquence in Oratory!— Next, Macaulay—whose thought and polish, Added new beauties to Literature!—Next, Cicero—whose skillful manner of coupling Words harmoniously together, gave proof Of the mighty possibilities of Rhetoric!— Next, an Unknown—who is not famous because Of cowardice—he climbs a short distance, But growing timid, drops back again to The "mediocre"!—Next is Michael Angelo— Who combined grandeur beauty and symmetry. In Architecture! He was a man of action— But great study was back of that action. Next, Mozart, opera composer—who gave To music still more charms "to soothe the Savage breast"!—Next is Raphael—whose Divine painting, has been an inspiration To all workers in the Fine Arts!—Next, Christopher Columbus—who discovered a New Continent; which, besides its other Blessings, greatly expanded that branch Of learning called Travel!—Next, Boswell,

The biographer—who wrote the celebrated Biography of Dr. Samuel Johnson; which gave New vigor to that somewhat lifeless branch, Of the tree of knowledge!—Next is Darwin, The scientist—who eloquently demonstrated That scientific research, is not a waste Of time, as popularly supposed, but lovable Profitable and fascinating; resulting in The masses becoming interested in Science!— Next comes an Egotist—who coveted fame, For pomposity and pelf!—he gets a niche; But becoming dizzy with pride, topples to The ground!—Next, A. T. Stewart, America's Commercial magnate—whose very expansive Enterprise, and strict business probity, Resulted in better thinking, with regard To the branch known as Commerce!—Next is Chas. Dickens, the incomparable story-teller, In Novel form—who made the scope of Fiction, Not merely, to amuse; but to acquaint readers With the ordinary everyday affairs of those 'Whose lives are humble, and destiny obscure'!— Next, Leo Tolstoi—who by pen word and deed, Has made more Christ-like, the Sociology, Of the world!—Next comes Thomas A. Edison, The great inventor—who invented marvels, Along the line of the necessities of life: Most of which are invaluable contributions, To the myriad number of everyday things, That are commonly bunched together under The title of the Useful Arts!—Now, not in Chronological order, but according to fame, Last—but not least—comes the divine bard, William Shakespeare—who through the medium Of his verse, has inspired the whole world, To loftier thoughts, and nobler endeavors: And also has been a never failing source, Of instruction—and amusement. The branch, Which is designated by the name of Poetry, Has born golden and luscious fruit, under The husbandry of himself and other poets. This great genius—who is best described by A metaphor composed by himself, "His fame folds In this orb o' the earth"—has now attained The very apex, and stands there upon it! A fitting top-piece to the splendid spire!— These great men, representing as they do All the branches of knowledge, have now all Gained their niches in the ever glorious Pinnacle of Fame! And soon there gather Around them, multitudes of enthusiastic Admirers, and devoted followers:—who, Flocking around the pinnacle, shout out Their hosannas! *(As he speaks last line a crowd enters and shouts out hosannas)* And there are some vacant niches, yet left In the Pinnacle of Fame: waiting for those Who are sagacious enough to heed the lines Of Longfellow.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time!"

*(The people renew their shouts to pinnacle, during which the rear wall reappears, and shuts it out: Marlowe, thru with his task, staggers and falls down, and lies a moment, then re-enter Everybody from room)*

MRS. MORTON.

What! lying on floor!

JAMES.

The dear old man!

Roger and I will tenderly place him back  
On the sofa.

TAFT.

Had you not best phone for  
The doctor again?

LUCY.

I will do so at once:—  
Ah, here he comes now.

*Enter the DOCTOR, right.*

DOCTOR.

How is the patient?

MRS. MORTON.

We left him alone,  
A quarter hour ago, because he was weary:  
On our return, he was lying on the floor,  
Quite insensible.

*(DOCTOR examines him and administers tonic)*

DOCTOR.

He still shows symptoms  
Of delirium: which must have been acute:  
It has left him only semiconscious, and  
Very weak. The cordial I just gave him,  
Will revive him. See, his eyes open now.

MARLOWE.

Ah, approaching death, makes anyone see  
Their duty, clearly! for I am now able  
To arrive at a sure conclusion, regarding  
A thing which I have been in doubt about:—  
Mr. Taft, dear old friend! when I am gone,  
You must attend to this vital matter; which  
Is this: I left a—a—*(He is unable to speak any-  
more, but tries frantically to make known the  
rest, by facial expression and movement of the  
hands, afterwards pointing towards another part  
of City: then he falls back unconscious)*

TAFT.

What he wanted to tell me, must have been  
Very important: I shall always feel sorry,  
If it should so turn out that he carries  
The secret to the grave!

DOCTOR.

*(Having examined.)* Heart action is failing:  
His condition is serious. The bed inside,  
Is the better place for him now:—We will  
Remove him; as gently as possible. Lucy,  
Can remain to aid me: but nobody else.

*(MARLOWE is borne into his room, the DOCTOR  
and LUCY remaining with him)*

ADA.

O, I do hope he will get well!

EVERYBODY.

Yes, indeed!

*Enter BONIFACE, right.*

CLARA.

Why, dear papa, you here!

BONIFACE.

Yes, my dear Clara.

CLARA.

Father, this is Mrs. Morton: this is Mr. Taft:  
This, Edward, and Ada: you already know  
James and Roger. *(They exchange courtesies)*

BONIFACE.

You all seem almost like old friends; for  
Clara has well described you, and descanted  
On your graces.

MRS. MORTON.

Dear Mr. Boniface, you are  
Clara's father: besides you are known to  
All of us by reputation: we are delighted  
To meet you.

BONIFACE.

How is our friend Mr. Marlowe?

MRS. MORTON.

He has taken a turn for the worse: he lies  
In the next room; and the doctor is there.

BONIFACE.

Sorry to hear that. James told me, to-day,  
That he was ailing: so I concluded to come  
And cheer him up, with a bit of "good news."

TAFT.

Good news, is always helpful to the sick.

BONIFACE.

Several weeks ago, I had a talk with him  
At my theatre, regarding the production  
Of his plays: maybe you know of it.

EVERYBODY.

We do.

BONIFACE.

To my regret, I had to decline: which he  
Took in good part: but then began to plead  
With me, (irrespective of his own interests)  
For the dear old stage! that I love so much!  
That I would help to make it true to its  
Truest self: to make it every way worthy  
Of the exalted place it has in the world:  
To make it, in short, not a debaser—but  
A regenerator of mankind!—is that clear?

EVERYBODY.

Perfectly so.

BONIFACE.

I pooh-poohed, his fine plea:  
But nevertheless it stung my conscience, and  
Disturbed my self-complacency, very much.  
I comforted myself with the assurance



That I would forget it all after he left;  
But I did not: his words must have fallen  
Upon my mind's good soil; and must needs  
Spring up and grow; in spite of my efforts  
To crush them:—and they have kept growing,  
Until now I am determined, to disregard  
All selfishly personal aims, and devote  
My life, to the betterment of the stage!

TAFT.

Marlowe, has often talked to me along  
Those lines, so I can imagine his delight,  
When you tell him of your noble intention:—  
Unfortunately, he is too sick to hear it  
Just now.

BONIFACE.

Sick,—I am reminded that the sick  
Do not always get well. By the bye, has he  
Any relatives?

JAMES.

Yes, two young grandnieces:  
Who live in Albany. They called here once.  
We notified them yesterday.

BONIFACE.

Pardon, query,—  
I asked to find out how, in the event  
Of his demise, his plays could be either  
Bought outright, or hired for a term on a  
Royalty basis.

EDWARD.

Your query was very natural.

BONIFACE.

The estate would go to the heirs at law,  
The grandnieces; and would be administered  
By the Public Administrator: on account of  
Having no value; and a would be purchaser  
Could without delay, buy or hire the plays  
From him.

ROGER.

Undoubtedly so, Sir.

TAFT.

Mr. Boniface,  
I see that you have ignored, there being  
"A last will and testament:" rightly so,  
For he as much as said here awhile ago,  
That there was none.

BONIFACE.

I felt there was not.  
If there proves to be one, and it appoints  
No Executor, then even in that case also,  
The public administrator would administer:  
If it does appoint an Executor, then the  
Buying, or the hiring of the plays, could  
Be almost immediately done with him.

ADA.

Sir, you have expounded all of that law,  
So clearly, that I am sure even we girls  
Understand it.

BONIFACE.

Thank you for the compliment.—  
Now a last query: I have always taken it  
For granted, that the plays were copyrighted:  
Does anyone know?

JAMES.

Yes, everyone of them.—  
He has the Certificates of Copyright, there  
In his room.

BONIFACE.

My searching out the matter,  
In such dry detail, was not by any means  
Mere inquisitiveness. I had but told you,  
The introductory part of my good news,  
When the thought suddenly occurred that  
The best part of my pet project might be  
Disrupted by his death: that there might not  
Be anyone who could convey to a purchaser,  
A good title to copyrighted work. Having  
Happily disposed of that bugaboo, I will  
Finish my story. Marlowe informed me that  
His plays were fine: and I saw plainly that  
They were. (I only rejected them because  
At that time I was simply looking for  
Big money-makers). Why shouldn't anything  
Be fine that springs from love! Dear Marlowe  
Sought to elevate the theatre because he  
Loved it. Then, these plays being available,  
Probably more so than any in the market,  
What can be more proper and appropriate,  
In this campaign for theatrical reform,  
Than that the man who first inspired me  
With the lofty purpose, should be the one  
To furnish the literature with which to set  
The ball a'rolling.

CLARA.

Father dear, your last words, are capable  
Of but one construction; yet that would be  
Too good to be true: please tell us what  
You DO mean?

BONIFACE.

Why my dear, exactly what you  
Thought that I meant: I am going to produce  
Mr. Marlowe's plays.

EVERYBODY.

O, O, isn't that grand!

TAFT.

Mr. Boniface, this is a truly noble act,  
On your part! and I thank you most deeply  
On behalf of Mr. Marlowe; and of myself!

EVERYBODY.

O, it will make dear Mr. Marlowe, so happy!  
Dear Mr. Boniface, we thank you sincerely!

JAMES.

Why he had practically given up all hope  
Of ever having them produced.

TAFT.

He spoke  
Awhile ago, of how he had fondly dreamt

Of sharing the revenues, between these  
6 Young people, (Lucy being with him now),  
And his two grandnieces: then he alluded  
To the fact that a Will would be essential,  
As the six were not relatives: adding sadly,  
But no use to have a will, as the estate  
Has no present or prospective value:—  
All this shows how hopeless he was.

BONIFACE.

Sharing.

His profits around, eh:—so the whole-souled  
Fellow was already formulating plans that  
Would carry out his generous impulses.—  
It would indeed be a shame now, if the  
6 young people are cut off altogether from  
Their share of the probable large-profits,  
By his failure to get well enough to make  
A will!

MRS. MORTON.

It would be very sad, Mr. Boniface;  
But I won't fret about that, for he is going  
To get well! To get well, so as to not only  
Be amply remunerated for his toil: but also  
To know that it has not been a life-work

Wasted; that it is going to be appreciated  
By the public, and that it is going to do  
Much good.—He has told me what a struggle  
The writing of these plays was—a daily one  
For years: all spent in constant alternation  
Of soaring in spirit up to the heavens, and  
Sinking down to the depths:—quoting poetry,  
He said that it was a bliss that touched  
The verge of pain! Poor too: very hard work  
To pay his way; and to pay for the printing  
Of a few duplicate copies of his writings.  
Brim-full of joyous anticipation, when he  
Sent a new play to Mr. Boniface: followed  
By utter despair, when it came back again.  
All these things have left their deep lines  
Upon his face: but this will all fade away  
In the gladness, of the full realization  
Of his fondest dreams!

*Re-enter LUCY, weeping; followed by DOCTOR.*

DOCTOR.

Mr. Marlowe is dead!

EVERYBODY. (*reverently*)

Dead!—

(*Curtain*)

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*The Official Private Chamber, of the  
PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR of NEW YORK CITY:  
a handsome room of rosewood finish: Rows of  
chairs on either side and a large writing table  
at centre, of the same wood: a door at rear,  
and at left.*

*Enter EDNA, JOSEPHINE, and HARDART (who is fine  
looking, but haughty, cynical and unfeeling),  
door at left.*

EDNA.

Uncle Hardart, the officer outside would not  
At first let us come in.

HARDART.

Not until I showed

The citation.

JOSEPHINE.

Edna, what's that?

EDNA.

The paper.

That uncle took from his pocket, I suppose.

HARDART.

Exactly,—and that was a notice that I got,  
To be here in this the Public Administrator's  
Private room, (which adjoins the main office),  
At ten o'clock this morning.

EDNA.

What for, uncle?

HARDART.

On business,—as I told you when we started:—  
Don't be so inquisitive.

JOSEPHINE.

Inquisitive,—oh my  
That is a BIG word: what in the world does  
It mean?

HARDART.

Why, sneakingly prying and nosing  
Into matters that are none of one's business.  
You Edna, and you Josephine, had to be here:—  
But you must keep quiet; and don't dare ask  
Questions: for you are of no more importance  
Than knots on a log.

JOSEPHINE.

Ha, ha, knots on a log:  
Is not that very very funny!

EDNA.

Yes, indeed!

JOSEPHINE.

I'm hungry.

EDNA.

Are you Josephine? well there is  
A lunch counter outside: if uncle will let  
Us go and get some cake?

HARDART.

Yes go,—I am glad  
To get rid of you. (*Exit EDNA and JOSEPHINE*)  
These Kids, (the devil take them,) do not  
Know as yet that they are rich heiresses,  
To their granduncle Marlowe's vast fortune;  
Which mushroom like almost grew up over  
Night: and the less that they learn of it,

The better I shall like it. The old beggar,  
 Did not have a shoestring when he died;  
 It is during the past year since his death,  
 That his numerous dramas, have brought in,  
 As if by magic, these vast sums of money.  
 It lacks but ten minutes of ten,—at ten  
 This vast fortune will be given to me,  
 Their Guardian, by Public Administrator,  
 To keep for them until they become of age:—  
 But they shall never get a penny of it;  
 For to forfeit my bond is easy, as it  
 Was fixed at a ridiculously low amount.  
 But now a grim spectre of thought, rises:  
 How about it, when I am brought to the bar,  
 To answer for the stolen money? What then?  
 Pshaw, any cunning guardian or executor,  
 Who defaults, can easily make it appear,  
 That the missing trust funds, were eaten  
 Up naturally.—By Jove, I begin to feel,  
 The same as Josephine laconically exprest  
 Herself as feeling, "I'm hungry:" therefore  
 The guardian will join his young wards at  
 The lunch counter. (*Exit door at left*)

*Enter* BONIFACE, MRS. MORTON, JAMES, LUCY,  
 ROGER, CLARA, EDWARD and ADA, *door at left*.

JAMES.

Mrs. Morton, that was a good idea of yours,  
 Of our meeting at your home, and coming  
 All together: there would surely have been  
 Some laggards, if we had come individually.

MRS. MORTON.

Mr. Taft, provided he can leave the library,  
 Will make our number complete.

EDWARD.

Mr. Boniface,  
 Kindly explain more fully, the reason for  
 Our being here, when we have no money coming?

BONIFACE.

The Public Administrator, deemed it prudent to  
 Have all the known friends of Mr. Marlowe here:  
 I gave him your names, and he issued a citation,  
 Stating that the Estate of Mr. William Marlowe,  
 Would be distributed to his heirs, to-day  
 At ten o'clock, in his official private room;  
 And requesting your presence.

ADA.

Well, I am sure  
 We are delighted at the good luck that brings  
 Us here; for it enables us to show our love,  
 To the dear departed!

EVERYBODY.

Dear, kind, Mr. Marlowe!

ROGER and CLARA.

Whom we all devotedly loved, while living!

JAMES and LUCY.

And whom we all lovingly revere, being dead!

MRS. MORTON.

His estate,—how strange that sounds, when  
 But one year ago, he died leaving nothing.

BONIFACE.

Yes, and a big one too: I don't know just  
 How big.

JAMES.

It all goes to his two grandnieces;  
 Whom we all met at the funeral. They seemed  
 To be sweet girls.

EVERYBODY.

Sweet indeed!

CLARA.

Young, too.

MRS. MORTON.

Yes, far too young to have lost both parents:  
 At that time, Edna told me she was eleven,  
 And Josephine ten.

ROGER.

It will be nice to meet  
 Them again: no doubt they will also be glad  
 To have us here.

BONIFACE.

They will be, naturally,—  
 But Josiah Hardart, will be mad.

LUCY.

Who is he?

BONIFACE.

Their uncle: (he is not related to Marlowe:)  
 Who, upon his own application was appointed  
 Guardian to them, as soon as the property  
 Showed signs of being valuable. He will have  
 The custody and guard of everything, until  
 The girls attain majority.

MRS. MORTON.

That reminds me,  
 That when they called upon Lucy and me,  
 Several weeks ago, they said that after  
 Their uncle, (they didn't mention his name,)  
 Was made guardian, he had forbidden them  
 To have any communication whatever with  
 Either of us, or our friends. They thought  
 This was because, that after their visit  
 When Marlowe was living, they had told him  
 Of how Marlowe had spoken of leaving money,  
 To three pair of young lovers. But that they  
 Couldn't keep away, when a lady brought them  
 On a trip to City.

BONIFACE.

This throws a side light  
 On Mr. Hardart: but he is shown fully by  
 The epithets which the Public Administrator  
 Applied, in speaking of him to me: selfish,  
 Suspicious, stingy, avaricious.

EVERYBODY.

You don't say!

EDWARD.

By that "three pair of lovers" dear Marlowe  
 Meant James and Lucy, Roger and Clara, and  
 Ada and me.

ROGER.

Noble man! he was almost always  
 Thinking of us.



ADA.

Oh, I wish he could only  
Have lived to have seen our "triple wedding:"  
It was only seven months after his death.

JAMES.

Yes, as (five months ago) we stood there in  
Three couples: just as he loved to see us;  
While three Pastors performed the services  
Simultaneously. Our beloved would have seen,  
In that spectacle, his fondest hopes realized:  
And it would also have appealed to his love  
Of the beautiful.

CLARA.

To have three marriages,  
At the very same time and place, is surely  
Well calculated to create a furore of talk:  
But we did not do it to be sensational.

LUCY.

We did it, because we knew perfectly well  
That dear Marlowe would have loved to have  
It so.

MRS. MORTON.

That was well understood at the time.

BONIFACE.

Speaking of your marriages, let me say this:  
You know that I love Clara and Roger! but  
Lucy and James here, and Ada and Edward,  
Have become dear to me too! And I would  
Like to be patron and backer to you all;  
For married life brings financial needs:  
But the much that I could have done once,  
Is now less than nothing:—I am a bankrupt.

JAMES, LUCY, EDWARD, ADA, and ROGER.

O, we thank you ever so much Mr. Boniface!

BONIFACE.

Then, here is Mrs. Morton; almost in want!  
Because of her fire loss, without insurance.  
Of course you young people see her through:  
But you have as much as you can do, to keep  
Yourselves afloat!

MRS. MORTON.

Don't give way to despair.

BONIFACE.

These sad conditions bring a thought to mind,  
Which I ought not speak of else: Is it not  
A shame, a monstrous shame, that at such a  
Critical juncture, when the need of money  
Is so vital, that great wealth, wealth which  
Marlowe fully intended you all to share in,  
Is now and here going entirely to others.

LUCY.

Quite naturally, we regret it: but we also  
Bear in mind that his generous intentions  
Towards us, were gratuitous; we had no claim  
Upon him:—but you, you brought out the plays;  
And should be the one to profit by them; but  
You have lost all. You deserve and have,  
Our heartfelt sympathy!

BONIFACE.

I would sacrifice it  
Twice over again for the same noble object!  
That was not money lost: it blazed the way  
To materially purify the dear old stage!  
Why, when I read in the morning papers,  
Of the unbounded popularity of the plays;  
And also that the critics speak of them  
As marvelously thrilling elevating and  
Educational; I am filled with enthusiasm  
To think of the mental and the moral uplift,  
That the masses have got, and will yet get,  
From a something which I pioneered: and I  
Fervently bless the dear departed man, who  
Was the cause of my doing it; and furnished  
The matter with which it was done!

EVERYBODY.

Good! good!

JAMES.

Incidentally it has come to us, because of  
Our reading all news items about the plays,  
That the theatre owners have made fortunes  
Out of them: therefore, it is cloudy to us,  
Despite your explanation at the time, why  
You are the exception.

EVERYBODY.

It puzzles us greatly.

BONIFACE.

Ah, then I will repeat what I told you then:  
After hiring on a royalty basis, three plays,  
From the Public Administrator, I staged them  
In a sumptuous manner in New York, Chicago  
And Philadelphia. The public did not take  
To them, and they ran to empty houses.  
Vast additional sums spent on advertising,  
Availed not, and at the end of two months,  
To avoid making an assignment, I sold out:  
The purchaser liquidated my debts, but I  
Got no money. Having some faith still in  
The plays, I had it stipulated that they  
Were to be kept on stage two months longer:  
At the end of which time they were playing  
To crowded houses: and now after one year  
Has elapsed since the initial production,  
It is a matter of publicity, that all of  
The ten plays are being played throughout  
The land: first, running on royalty basis,  
But recently all sold outright: bringing in  
Unlimited funds to dear Marlowe's estate.

EVERYBODY.

We understand it now.

EDWARD.

Your loss was not  
Incongruous; but a very natural beginning  
To the magical process, which has raised,  
(As by the stroke of an enchanter's wand,)  
A great treasure!



CLARA.

And look; there now come,  
The grandnieces, dear Edna and Josephine,  
Who inherit all the treasure.

BONIFACE.

Followed by  
Their uncle and guardian, Mr. Josiah Hardart.

*Re-enter EDNA, JOSEPHINE and HARDART, door at left.*

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

*(Starting forward, but held back by Hardart)*  
Oh, isn't that just too lovely for anything!  
Our dear friends are all here!

EVERYBODY.

Yes, all here,  
Dear Edna and Josephine; and all delighted  
To see you again!

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

We do so want an embrace!  
Please let go of us, uncle Hardart.

*(They break loose from his detaining hold)*

HARDART.

*(Following).* Come back here! come right back,  
I say, or I will punish you severely!

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

Dear Lucy, Clara, and Ada! *(They embrace them; but are torn away, by the on-coming HARDART)*

HARDART.

I sternly charged you to have nothing whatever  
To do with these designing people; they are  
Merely mercenary; and make their livelihood,  
By trickery, cajolery and undue influence,  
Upon the weak-minded, and the aged. They  
Tried their arts upon your old granduncle,  
William Marlowe; and came mighty near getting  
A large slice of his money.

BONIFACE.

Josiah Hardart,  
If you value a whole hide, be more choice  
In the use of your epithets!

HARDART.

Your threats,  
Shall not deter me from finishing my speech.  
Having failed to get the money thru him,  
All of you are trying to curry favor with  
His heirs—these verdant young girls; hoping  
To wheedle large amounts out of them; but  
I as their guardian, will have possession  
Of everything until they come of legal age,  
Many years away, and I will see to it that  
Not one of you gets a dime; no, not a cent!

BONIFACE.

Cowardly slanderer! you have had full say,  
And now you shall receive full payment!

*(He starts angrily towards him, but is restrained by JAMES and ROGER)*

JAMES and ROGER.

Do not trouble yourself with that suspicious,  
And miserly fellow.

BONIFACE.

*(Struggling).* Let go!

MRS. MORTON.

Hush! somebody comes.

BONIFACE.

The Public Administrator.

*(BONIFACE at once becomes circumspect)*

*Enter PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR, door at rear; he bows to all; it is returned; then he sits down at table.*

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

Ladies and Gentlemen. As you are well aware,  
I, the Public Administrator of this City,  
Cited you, as being known intimate friends,  
Of the late William Marlowe, to be present,  
And see, the lawful and formal turning over,  
Of all sums of money that have been realized  
From his entire estate, to his heirs at law,  
Misses Edna and Josephine Cummins, through  
Their lawful Guardian, Mr. Josiah Hardart.  
As the citation stated, the mere fact of  
Your seeing the distribution, without any  
Objections, will certify that you have none  
To offer. I thank you all for your presence!  
Now, my dear Miss Edna and Josephine Cummins;  
Let me narrate to you a truthful fairy story.  
Your beloved granduncle, Mr. William Marlowe;  
Died poor and unknown; but since that time,  
The ten stage plays which he wrote, having  
Been acted, and having become very popular,  
Have brought in a large amount of money;  
And you being his grandnieces, and only  
Surviving blood relatives, are going now  
To get all his money.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh isn't that glorious!

EDNA.

Dear, kind, lovely old granduncle!

JOSEPHINE.

ALL of it.

You said,—but don't these six young people,  
Get anything?

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

No, not a dollar.

EDNA.

That's strange!

Why, he loved them! and said, if his plays  
Made money, they would share: calling them  
His three pair of lovers.

LUCY.

Edna, lovers yet,

I hope, and something more: we were all wed,  
Some months ago.

EDNA.

Isn't that perfectly grand!

JOSEPHINE.

No wonder you all look so happy!

EDNA.

Married folks.

Can not possibly get along without money—

JOSEPHINE.

So,

We will share ours with you.

EDNA.

That is my idea.

LUCY.

Oh we must decline, with many thanks!

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

No, no!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

That proffer shows sweet in you my children,  
But it cannot be done; not at least until  
You become twenty one years old: before that,  
Uncle Hardart, your guardian, has the sole  
Keeping of the money.

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

Then uncle can do it

For us.

HARDART. (*angrily*)

Uncle will do nothing of the kind!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

It would be unlawful for him to give away  
Any money on your order, being under age.  
Positively, you will have to give up for  
Many years to come this idea of sharing  
Your fortune with them.

JOSEPHINE.

Isn't it a shame!

Then we beseech you to let them, in some  
Other way, come into their own!

EDNA.

Granduncle

Wouldn't rest easy in his grave, if he knew  
That his plays had made big money, but that  
His beloved friends had received no benefit  
From it whatever!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

It is sad; but there is  
No lawful way to carry out his wishes in  
This respect: they being his friends only.  
And he dying intestate.

JOSEPHINE.

That is a BIG word;

What does it mean?

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

Without writing down how  
His money was to go: what is called a will.

EDNA.

How do we get it then?

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

You get it by law;

As his own kin.

EDNA.

Oh why wasn't there a will!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

Probably because there was no use of giving,  
Where there was nothing to give.

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

That is true.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

Now, Mr. Hardart; I deem it to be within  
My province, to offer a word of admonition  
To you. Having been appointed guardian to  
These minors, expressly to hold their money  
Until they attain majority: (respectably  
Maintaining them meanwhile): you will sir,  
On pain of prison penalty, and forfeiture  
Of your bond, scrupulously guard it, and  
Preserve it, and pay it all over to them,  
Share and share alike, as each one in turn  
Becomes of age.

HARDART. (*haughtily*)

I understand my own business.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

Don't show disrespect here! It is possible,  
You understand your own business too well:  
Therefore I shall keep an eye on you.—  
Before turning over the money, I will give  
To you, and the Lady and Gentleman witnesses,  
A slight review of the estate's affairs: with  
Which you are all more or less familiar.  
The decedent, Mr. William Marlowe, left behind  
No assets at all, except some printed matter;  
Not nearly as bulky as a copy of Shakespeare;  
Which appeared to be absolutely valueless:—  
This was ten dramas; all duly copyrighted;  
Of which he was the author. To my surprise,  
Mr. Boniface, (who deserves unstinted praise)  
Soon hired the acting-rights of three plays;  
For a term, on a royalty basis. That act,  
Was the start of what, from failure first,  
Has culminated in the production and run,  
For the past several months, of the whole  
Of the ten plays, in as many cities: and  
Has brought in to the estate, in royalties,  
The huge sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

EVERYBODY.

Huge sum, indeed! much larger than we thought!

HARDART. (*gloating*)

Larger than I thought!

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

It took our breath away!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

A week ago, fortunately, I was able to sell,  
The entire right title and interest in the

'hole lot, to a theatrical Syndicate: which enabled me to close up, within year allotted for administration, estate's entire affairs / to-day's distribution: then file account with the Surrogate, and be duly discharged. The estate realized by the sale of Plays, the immense sum of one million dollars.

EVERYBODY.

Immense, indeed! far more than we thought!

HARDART. (*gloating*)

Far more than I thought!

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

My, it made us dizzy!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

There were no liabilities at all: not even 'Funeral expenses,' for all you dear people Had gladly chipped in— out of love for him— To pay them.—Now to turn over the treasure! Here is a guardian's receipt, for the sum; After deducting my lawful fees, and other Legitimate expenses; which reads as follows: I, Josiah Hardart, guardian for Misses Edna and Josephine Cummins, inheritors by law, of the estate of William Marlowe, deceased, have received from the Public Administrator, the sum of One million two hundred and six thousand four hundred and eighty dollars, in full of all claims against said estate. This, Mr. Hardart, you can sign, on receipt Of the money. Here is a certified check on The National City Bank, for the full amount: Take it.

Enter TAFT, door at left.

TAFT.

(*Swinging a paper in hand*). A will! a will! Mr. Marlowe left a will!

EVERYBODY.

What! he left a will!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

(*Withdraws check, which HARDART had grasped*) This is startling intelligence! (*Takes will*) Are you sure? Have you examined it?

TAFT.

Not fully;

Only the signing.

HARDART. (*agitated*)

An absurdly damnable fake!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

Yes, sir! (*To Taft*) Where was it found?

TAFT.

Library drawer. With my thoughts full of Marlowe on account of this meeting here, suddenly occurred to me as I was leaving the house, I used to call it 'his drawer,' and, I by a strange impulse, I searched it. Can you imagine my amazement, when at last

I saw those words on the big envelope there, 'Last will and testament of William Marlowe', Staring me in the face. It was not sealed; And not intending to bring it haphazard, I read the preamble and execution; finding That it was what it purported to be.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

A marvel!

But why didn't he speak about it?

TAFT.

He did,

On his deathbed. At that sad occasion he Frantically tried to finish in dumb show, A speech beginning thus: I left a—a—

EVERYBODY.

Those were his exact words.

TAFT.

After this find, We can piece it out thus: I left a will, In my drawer in the library; turn it over To the proper authorities.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

A right solution.—

TAFT.

But he said only a few minutes before this, That there was no use of his leaving a will: We now know that he meant that he would not Reveal the existence of the one; which, from The way things turned out, was looked upon As nonsensical, and therefore hidden away.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

(*Reads will*) Mr. Marlowe, in this his will. Bequeathes to his Grandnieces, and to you Ladies and Gentlemen, mentioning each one By full name, the sum of thirty thousand Dollars apiece.

HARDART. (*furiously*)

The deuce he did!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

Silence!—

So Mrs. Morton, Mr. Taft, Lucy, Clara, Ada, James, Roger, and Edward, you are not here, As it turns out, merely as idle spectators. But each one of you is the happy inheritor Of the snug sum of thirty thousand dollars.

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

(*Running over and embracing them*) We knew, Dear granduncle couldn't have forgotten you!

EVERYBODY.

Did you dearies? O, the dear, the generous, The noble gentleman!

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

We are very very glad!

You are all rich now.

EVERYBODY.

Yes, we are all rich,—

An inexpressibly happy!

(*The 3 young married couples embrace fondly*)



PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

You all look it!—Now to resume the reading. All the balance, after the payment of your Several legacies, is left for the founding Of an Institution, whose purpose will be To help both influentially and financially, Struggling and unknown writers. Mr. Boniface, Is its perpetual Trustee; at a salary of Fifteen thousand dollars annually. And he Also has charge of the grandnieces' money, Until they attain majority.—

BONIFACE.

He was a nobler man than even we thought! Why, there is over nine hundred thousand Dollars with which to found it.

HARDART.

Damnation—

My grandnieces get but a paltry sum indeed, And I don't even have the handling of that: I say that this will was forged! A base plot, Concocted by these people!

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

On the contrary,

The will is bona fide in every particular! I shall at once hand it to the Surrogate, Who will soon probate it; and Mr. Boniface Can immediately carry out its provisions.

HARDART.

To the devil with the lot of you! And as for You two kids; stubborn and intractable kids; You can now go over to the tender mercies Of these nine persons; each one of whom has, By wheedling your granduncle, stolen a slice Of the money rightfully yours; leaving you But a niggardly allowance; you have sided With them always; go to them; (*Shoves them*) I wash my hands of you forever! (*Exit, left*)

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

(*Sobbing*). Oh don't leave us so, dear uncle! My, where will we go now!

3 YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES.

Don't cry dearies,—

We would all like to have you live with us! Will you come?

EDNA and JOSEPHINE.

Yes,—it will be delightful!

CLARA.

Being three couples, with three homes, you Will have to live with each of us in turn.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh it will just tickle me to death!

EDNA.

Me too!

ROGER.

By the bye James, that night in front of The library, when we first became friends, I sarcastically asked you, what rewards Ever came to bookworms? now if I had not

Been converted long since, Marlowe's life Would have condemned me; for he was on And the rewards that came to him from it, Have richly blessed us all! O that he might Have lived to have some benefit from This money himself.

JAMES.

I too wish he might say But you know, and we know that he himself Had a greater reward than money can give— First a settler, and for a long time now A permanent dweller in the Kingdom of Mind. He found a bliss in its unsearchable riches, Which was far more than ample compensation For the labor he had to do there!

BONIFACE.

Then too

He yearningly longed to have the masses, The people in general, enter and ever dwell Within its magical portals! That such was His hobby was manifest from what he said To me at my theatre that day.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

And the masses ARE entering now, (as a result of his work In the Kingdom—his ten plays). The papers All report that there is a general desire To let go of shallow and frivolous things, And devote far more time to cultivation Of the intellect. The masses are both broad And smart; and possess much natural ability And will cease to use that ability, merely For debasement, if some one starts them To thinking:—and Marlowe's plays did it.

MRS. MORTON.

As one paper puts it: Theatre-goers now want To see plays which satisfy the soul; and not Those which merely gratify the senses!

TAFT.

Further proof of this universal elevation Of the masses, is found in the fact that In the libraries, there is a great increase In the demand for the best class of books And also that there are many new faces.

BONIFACE.

Now we will go; but before leaving, we desire To express to you sir, our heartfelt thanks For your kindness and courtesy!

EVERYBODY.

Thank you, but

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

And I desire to express to you all my warm Appreciation of your presence here; and Strict attention to the proceedings!— Now, the FINALE: All Hail, to William Marlowe, America's Playwright!!!

EVERYBODY.

All Hail!!! (*Exit*)









JUL 73

N MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA

